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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1910.

The Week.

It is announced that when Mr. Roosevelt reaches the port of New York, his baggage will enjoy Ambassadorial privilege. None of his trunks or of those of members of his party will be subject to examination by customs inspectors. Now, personally, we have no objection to this favor being shown Mr. Roosevelt. We congratulate him, rather, on his good luck. But we still think that he will be missing a part of his education as an influential public man. If we could have our way, no American, however eminent or well deserving, should be deprived of that intimate knowledge of our barbaric tariff laws which is stamped upon the mind of every "resident of the United States" who comes back from Europe to find himself exposed to annoyance and insult which he could encounter in no other custom house in the world—not even in Turkey. It is in the public interest that every man who has to do in any way with the making of our tariff laws should be put into the same suffering category with the hundreds of thousands of Americans who find themselves every year treated on the docks of their own land as suspected smugglers and liars. So while we wish Mr. Roosevelt every personal comfort on his home-coming, we should be very glad if his stern sense of public duty, or even his insatiable curiosity, were to lead him to renounce his privilege and to find out by individual experience just what is the nature and the administration of the American tariff laws.

Now, in this matter of personal baggage there is no way of abolishing the abuse except by abolishing the foolish law. The system of advance declaration on shipboard, which we owe to Mr. Cortelyou when he was Secretary of the Treasury, is a great improvement over the old method, but it is necessarily only a palliative, as must be every other plan to render more easy the enforcement of a law which cannot be enforced at all without being made onerous and humiliating. We ought rather to assimilate our practice to that of all other civilized countries. For the detection of real smugglers we have an organized secret service. If it does its work properly, there can be no serious evasions of duty on articles brought in for sale. But to persist in harassing a hundred thousand innocent people so as to catch one rogue is an exhibition of helpless folly which ought to be characterized by words in Mr. Roosevelt's vocabulary.

It is said that we have no privileged class in this country, but this is to overlook the private secretaries of Governors and Presidents. They are as regularly taken care of with a good office as if they had an hereditary and indefeasible title thereto. Gov. Hughes has simply anticipated matters a little in appointing Mr. Fuller to a State office, while Mr. Carpenter, the private secretary to President Taft, no sooner shows signs of breaking health than he is named as Minister to Morocco. In both cases there was simply a following of a long precedent. If we have anything like a permanent office-holding class in the United States—that dread thing which so frightens the spoilsmen—it is to be found among private secretaries to executives, and they get their start without coming under the abhorred civil service rules. There is the less objection to this because it seems to be felt that they have so many disagreeables to put up with while serving as private secretaries that they deserve recognition and reward afterwards. Everybody will sympathize with Secretary Carpenter in his break-down, but that will only increase the wonder at Mr. Loeb's uncommon robustness.

If it prove true, as has been stated in the Washington dispatches, that the appropriations in this session of Congress will be considerably beyond the billion-dollar mark—that is, fully as large as before, if not larger—President Taft cannot fail to be chagrined. Whatever "policies" he inherited from his predecessor, economy was not one of them. That was his own. In dealing so plainly as he did with public extravagance, and setting out to reduce the national budget by $60,000,000 or $75,000,000, he took an original and promising lead. In fact, the estimates submitted to Congress by the heads of departments were cut much lower than in recent years, and it seemed reasonable to hope that the first steps in national retrenchment would be taken. But now it appears that the old total of outlay is to be reached again, if not surpassed. The leaders in Congress confess themselves unable to keep down the appropriations. Chairman Tawney puts his finger on one chief cause of this inability, so far as the House is concerned, when he says that there is no concentrated control of the public expenses. The appropriation bills have been more and more taken out of the hands of the Appropriations Committee, until now there are a dozen committees each entitled to bring in its own bill for money. Such a breaking-up of financial control, and such a breaking-down of responsibility, lead inevitably to wastefulness.

As high as $16,000,000 run the varying estimates of the cost of each of the two 26,000-ton battleships just authorized by Congress. When there is not a war-cloud on the horizon; when the navy is larger than ever before in its history; when the whole country is groaning under the increased cost of living and steadily increasing burden of taxation, Congress is content to waste perhaps $32,000,000. When it is considered that there were years before the Spanish War when our total naval expenditure was annually only $9,000,000 or $11,000,000, and no harm came to the country, the present insensate folly is inexplicable. We firmly believe that if the fact could be got into the head of every citizen that the United States is spending 70 cents out of every dollar upon expenditures for wars, past or future, this colossal waste would stop. Naturally, Congress refused to appropriate on the same day $100,000 for a commission to inquire into methods of economy in the administration of government. To have done so after the naval appropriations would have been to stultify itself.

Senator Lorimer made last Saturday his expected denial that he had bribed his way into the United States Senate, but, unfortunately, almost at the very moment he was speaking, legislators

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were being indicted and arrested in Illinois for having taken bribes to vote for him. This may be only an unlucky coincidence. Mr. Lorimer has called for an investigation of the charges against him, and the Senate Committee on Elections is bound to take the matter up. Pending the result of such inquiry, final judgment must be withheld. There can be no reasonable question, after what has been already shown by the prosecuting authorities in Illinois, that the Senatorial election in that State was corrupt, but it may not be possible to connect Mr. Lorimer personally and directly with the wickedness. It may be said that he was the victim—or the beneficiary—of over-zealous and too wicked friends. But even he himself is evidently aware that the presumptions are heavily against him, and that he has no time to lose in showing, if he can, that his title to a seat in the Senate is not tainted. The first thing he should set himself to clearing up is the mystery of confessed bribe-takers without any briber.

The doctrine of States' rights has been invoked to very poor purpose, indeed, by those Southern Congressmen who have come out in opposition to Senator Dick's bill for the establishment of an additional number of mine rescue stations in the Middle and Far West. At present there are only four such central emergency camps, situated at Pittsburgh, Knoxville, Urbana, Ill., and Seattle. Following upon the Cherry disaster, a report of the Secretary of the Interior ascribed the great loss of life in mining disasters in part to the distance of the rescue stations from the mines. The Secretary recommended the establishment of twelve additional branch stations all over the country at a cost of $160,000. But inasmuch as such emergency depots would necessarily have to cut across State boundary lines, whereas mines are under the police power of the States, the States' rights shibboleth has been raised against a measure called for by every instinct of humanity and every argument from sound business policy. After the Courrières disaster in France a few years ago, a rescue party from the German mining fields came to take part in the work of human salvage. If the very real frontier that separates Frenchmen from Germans could be wiped out under the influence of a common pity and common humanity, it would be the very height of criminal absurdity to let State boundaries stand in the way of so imperative a reform.

Shorter than Paulhan's last and longest flight by some forty miles, Glenn Curtiss's aerial dash down the valley of the Hudson last Sunday surpasses Paulhan's feat in actual difficulties overcome, in the clean-cut demonstration of the possibilities of the aeroplane, and in dramatic interest. To Americans, certainly, Curtiss's achievement gains a special intensity of interest because the scene of it was the river upon which the Clermont sailed a hundred years ago. That circumstance forces upon the mind solemn recognition of that human progress which we so easily talk about without realizing it to the mind's eye or the emotions. Curtiss's triumph is none the less emphatic because it was preceded by the doubts and hesitations that a crowd eager for a spectacle is none too patient with. The aviator was quite right in saying that the very people who insist upon the show being carried off at all costs would be the ones to shake wise heads in the case of disaster. It was a doubly dramatic event for Glenn Curtiss, therefore, that his record-making flight should have lain along the historic trial course of the Hudson, and that his landing should have been on the very spot where less than a year ago he gave a certain excuse for bitter comment on his abilities and his motives.

Robert Koch was born the same year that Louis Pasteur entered the university. It would be difficult to decide which of the two men has gained the wider fame. Certainly, Koch and Pasteur are the two great names in the science of bacteriology which has revolutionized modern medicine. In range of achievements, Koch was probably the greater man of the two. His discovery of the germ of tuberculosis would in itself constitute a service of transcendent importance. But in addition, he had studied malaria, cholera, and, newest of all to European knowledge, that sleeping sickness which has been threatening negro Africa almost with depopulation. Associated with his name is one tragic disappointment which detracts nothing from his reputation as a scientist or a man. Everybody over thirty must recall the vast stirring that followed the announcement from Berlin of the discovery of a specific for tuberculosis. Science and the millions of afflicted who looked to science for aid in their affliction turned expectant eyes towards the Prussian capital. Pilgrimages were made. It was a vast upward surge of hope that failed of realization. But whether the dread white plague is to be conquered by a sudden discovery or by the slower hand-to-hand methods which we are adopting to-day, Robert Koch's share in the ultimate victory will be unquestionable.

Every patriot heart from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate and from the Gulf of Mexico to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude so recently eulogized by Mr. Cannon, will thrill with pride at the news that our epic scramble for the privilege of lending China some money has succeeded. The Hankow-Sze-chuen railway matter is settled, or at least almost settled. After years of furious contention, we have won the right to participate with Great Britain, France, and Germany in the $30,000,000 loan which it is now only a question of inducing China to accept. For it would appear that at the last moment the Chinese have been seized with sore doubt. The beautifully altruistic spectacle of the four leading nations of the West fighting for the right of giving away their money has somehow failed to impress the bland Celestial mind. That the struggle for the privilege of forcing money on China was accompanied by a struggle for such sordid things as a share in supplying the necessary railway material and engineering skill, was probably only a coincidence. To the pure all things are pure. But China has had so rich an experience of the implications that go with a European loan that her hesitation is, after all, comprehensible. All the more reason, therefore, why the four allied and altruistic nations should now concentrate their efforts, and, with one eye on the main chance and one eye on each other, proceed to lend money to a heathen foreign government by hypodermic injection.

The death of Edward VII has aroused profound regret and actually some anxiety in Russia. One correspondent relates that when the order for court mourning, usual in such circumstances,

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was presented for the approval of the Czar, Nicholas II with his own hand struck out the traditional three weeks and inserted three months. The *Novoye Vremya* printed, in heavy type, immediately after the dispatch announcing the King's death, the single sentence, "The death of King Edward VII is a day of sorrow for Russia." The *Russkoe Slovo* of Moscow declared that in Edward the country had lost one of its sincerest friends. The Polish press laid stress on the fact that, as a result of the Anglo-Russian understanding, of which Edward VII was the author, Russia had been saved from her humiliating dependence upon Germany. Such expressions of regret were probably as sincere as formulas of this kind usually are; and perhaps a little more so, because at the present moment the Anglo-Russian *entente* in Persia is being put sharply to the test by German diplomacy. It is the misfortune, however, of Russia's blundering autocratic system that her Czar will often pull one way and his Ministers another. It may be that Nicholas II was really moved by the death of the English monarch and its possible effects on Anglo-Russian friendship. But, on the other hand, there is no guarantee that the Czar may not be soon making another little Baltic trip with his good friend William II, and soliciting his advice on vital matters of state.

The Prussian Government has been compelled to abandon its franchise bill after carrying it through one house, which is gratifying proof that even in Prussia obstinate officialdom cannot prevail against popular opinion. The effect of those wonderful, peaceful demonstrations of the Socialists in Berlin could not be withstood, nor the sentiment created elsewhere by the clashes between police and people. According to the dispatch, the Chancellor has declared that the measure failed because it gave to the wealthy and middle classes a greater influence in the elections and that there would doubtless be a continuance of the bitter agitation against the suffrage system until the Government submitted new legislation. But if the Chancellor sees that now, why was he not aware of it when he drew the bill and announced that it would go through whether the people liked it or not? If the agitation has really converted the Chancellor, that fact, by itself, is a great gain, but the price seems high if one considers that all the ill-feeling and anger aroused among the populace could have been avoided by a little greater intelligence on the part of the rulers. The Chancellor's prestige is bound to suffer, for this was his first measure of importance. So far as suffrage reform is concerned, the attitude of all enlightened people in Prussia has been that it would be a great deal better to have the present intolerable conditions continue than to accept the proposed legislation. Even in the House of Lords the Chancellor's bill met with the greatest opposition, steadily increasing until even the Chancellor abandoned it as hopeless.

A conversation about Turkey with Arminius Vambéry at Buda-Pesth is reported in a letter to the Manchester *Guardian* by Sir William Ramsay. The veteran traveller and professor—he is now eighty-nine—holds that the new régime in Turkey must enjoy twenty-five years of peace in order to have a good chance of success. What Vambéry most fears is not attack from without, but bitter race and religious dissensions within the Empire. The Albanian trouble he regards as serious, but as really the least threatening of many probable causes of dissension. Vambéry's opinion of the former Sultan is interesting. He agrees with the general view that Abdul Hamid in his later years sank into a condition of listless cruelty, but affirms that earlier, say, about twenty years ago, he displayed great ability and tireless energy, often working thirty-six or even forty-eight hours on a stretch. It is well known that Vambéry was once in the employ of the Turkish Government, to which he made confidential reports. One of these so plainly enumerated the causes leading to the ruin of Turkey that the Sultan in a towering rage ordered all allowances to Vambéry stopped. Afterwards, narrates Sir William Ramsay, on the authority of a friend in Constantinople, when the Sultan discovered that Vambéry had been entirely right, he made tempting offers to him to resume his connection, but they were all declined.

The first Cabinet for United South Africa has been organized. Pessimists who see everything in old England going to ruin might be asked for a moment to look at South Africa. After all, there must be something of the ancient virtue left in a nation which can accomplish what England has accomplished in South Africa in the last seven years. In that space of time, a conquered population has been not merely appeased but conciliated and won over. Civil government has been reëstablished in the former Boer republics, and such government has been placed in the hands of the conquered element. Superimposed on the four separate colonial governments of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal, comes now a general government for South Africa, which, too, has been handed over to the men who only eight years ago were in the field against England. Gen. Louis Botha is the first Premier of United South Africa, and Gen. Smutz is his leading associate. Nor is it less eloquent testimony to the English genius for using the dead past only as a foundation for the present, that the son of the English statesman who was responsible for the "disgrace" of Majuba Hill should be the first Governor-General of the new nation.

The fact that the Premier and the Minister of the Interior in the first South African Cabinet hold the same positions in the Transvaal Ministry raises the natural expectation that to the Transvaal will fall, if not a predominant voice in federal affairs, certainly a degree of influence greater than would be its share on a strict population basis. The population of Cape Colony is nearly twice that of the Transvaal, and the proportion holds for whites as well as for the colored races. In the Transvaal, too, the Boer element predominates decisively over the English element, whereas in Cape Colony the two are pretty evenly balanced. The Transvaal's economic importance, of course, outweighs the mere factor of population, but it is doubtful if even then Cape Colony would have foregone its claim to the leadership in the first federal Ministry, if it were not for the manifest desire in England and South Africa to make the point that the loyalty of the Boer population conditioned the success of the great political experiment. Of that loyalty there can be no doubt, though it may well be that racial influences will color South African politics for many years to come.

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POLITICAL LEADERSHIP.

The startling change in the national Republican prospects within a year, the even swifter alteration in New York State within the last few weeks, are among the most recent and conclusive demonstrations of the fact that, however intelligent an electorate may be, without some sort of leadership it cannot prosper. For the apparently irreconcilable differences within the Republican party are not sudden developments. It is only their revelation in all their mutual repugnance that is novel. While McKinley lived, divergences of view were harmonized by a spirit of peace-at-any-price compromise, for the sake of party success; Roosevelt smashed opposition where he could, yielded to it where he was compelled, actuated by conviction as well as by party success; Hughes, scorning compromise, has triumphed by making use of the only legitimate weapon, the power of public opinion. These three men, two Presidents and a Governor, represent three stages in popular political leadership. The first stood for organization. Whatever theory of government he may have held, his practice resulted in the victory of the practical politician, of the man who looked first and chiefly for the purely political effect of measures and appointments, the man who was thinking always of the next election. That President McKinley was himself the preëminent politician of his day may prove to be his best title to enduring fame. Our fathers seem to have feared the demagogue less than the tyrant; the politician who combines the hypocrisy of the one with the oppression of the other is to be feared more than either.

The uniqueness of McKinley's successor lay in the circumstance that the country, while giving him its enthusiastic support, was uncertain whether to call him politician or statesman. His aims were high; his means "practical." All the arts of the demagogue, all the resources of the tyrant, he employed with consummate skill. Those who did not trust him, feared him. Many who favored his ends censured his means. But it was such a relief to see old-timers completely beaten at their own game that his countrymen generally overlooked the method for the sake of the result. Nevertheless, Roosevelt's blazing seven years were only the middle stage. It was reserved for another New Yorker to take the final step; to do, after all these years, what the plain citizen would naturally have supposed all public officials would do of their own accord—to refuse unworthy means as quickly as unworthy ends, to think of party as no more than a means, and to act as if genuine statesmanship were its own sufficient justification. To withhold adoration from the great god Success is to run the risk of being sneered at as un-American; but there are few more successful careers than that of the Governor who has despised any success except the highest.

These three stages in democratic leadership are progressive in kind rather than in time. They exist simultaneously; and, while it is not difficult to rank them, it is very difficult to find leaders belonging to the last one. Leadership, nevertheless, democracy must have, and, if it cannot find one sort, it will perforce turn to another. It is this aspect of the Republican break-up that is serious. The only party to emerge with credit from the special session of Congress last summer was the group of partyless insurgents; the only respectable party in New York for some years has been the party-scorned Hughes Republicans. Neither of these groups now has a leader. If the nation, in order to punish the long-dominant party for its inexcusable derelictions; if the State of New York, in order to discipline the same party, entrusts itself to a long-discredited Democracy, what guarantee is there that the transfer will be an improvement in the character of our political leadership? It is a fact, as ominous as it is obvious, that the rarity of the highest kind of leadership is one of the prime causes of the existence of the lower kinds. If a people lack real leaders, the reins will slip into the hands of those who substitute organization for opinion, party for principle, power for right. The buying of votes, the dealing out of offices, the suppressing of primary reform, even the juggling with the tariff, are only phases of the situation. They one and all range themselves on the side of organization, as unresponsive as they dare to be to the legitimate sovereign, public opinion.

The ground for hope is the memory of what is notable in these last ten years: the rise of a new leadership, the assertion of an awakened popular will, the realization in actual politics of lofty ideals, the sight of living flesh-and-blood men of the highest ability and respectability out in the struggle, fighting with the superb skill long consecrated to business for the attainment of a truer democracy, and fighting with a success that makes their baffled opponents look like tyros. The people can be trusted. Give them a man possessed of a modicum of ability, fired with a desire to serve them, and their ready spirit of hero-worship can be counted upon to do the rest. This is the hey-day of the statesman of the new school. He has before him a richness of opportunity that, in its rewards no less than in its demands, can be matched by nothing short of the most dramatic moments of our history.

THE BALLINGER INQUIRY.

The long-protracted hearings in the Ballinger investigation came to an end last week with the oral arguments of the attorneys. On neither side was an attempt made to cover with convincing precision all the points in dispute. This indeed was impossible in the limited time at the disposal of counsel, as would be shown by the attempt of any impartial student to settle a single one of these questions. Not until the briefs have been submitted, and the evidence studied in the light that they should furnish, will a trustworthy conclusion on the whole case be possible. Nevertheless, the survey of the case afforded by the oral arguments makes the present an appropriate time for weighing the general controversy.

In the first place, there are some points about the nature and genesis of the case of which the public needs to be reminded. Especially as regards Mr. Glavis, it is necessary to recall to mind the character of his initial connection with the matters involved. Whatever basis there may be, or may be alleged to be, for supposing that the animating force behind the developments of the past ten or twelve months is of a political or personal nature, no such allegation can be made as to Mr. Glavis's first resolute interposition in the Alaskan coal claims. No Rooseveltian plot can have been at the bottom of his zealous interference in the year 1907, to prevent the patenting of the Cunningham and other claims without searching inquiry. Mr. Ballinger was at that time Commission-

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er of the General Land Office; but Mr. Garfield was Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Roosevelt was President. An intense desire to preserve for the nation valuable lands to which the private claimants were not in his judgment lawfully entitled is the only motive which could at that time have actuated Mr. Glavis. Not only was there no possibility of a political motive, but personal animus was equally out of the question. His efforts were made within the Land Office, and they were successful. There arose at that time no complaint or scandal. It is not impossible that Mr. Glavis was over-zealous or that his judgment was at fault; but the fact is that for two years, unremittingly, he stuck to this line, no matter who was Land Commissioner, or Secretary of the Interior, or President. Eventually, he had recourse to Attorney-General Wickersham, and finally to President Taft. In pursuance of his formal statement to the President, Mr. Taft called upon Secretary Ballinger and others for replies; and, having examined these replies, he exonerated Mr. Ballinger and his subordinates and authorized the discharge of Glavis. Only after his discharge, and more than two years after the beginning of his activity, did Mr. Glavis enter into a public agitation of the case through *Collier's*.

A second point, which should be clearly apprehended, is that the question before the committee, the President, and the people, all along, has not concerned corrupt conduct on the part of Mr. Ballinger. The question is and always has been, whether he has fulfilled the peculiar responsibilities of his office with single-minded fidelity to the rights and interests of the nation. To show that those interests have not been in safe hands, it is not necessary to convict him of a pre-conceived purpose to betray them, or to prove the existence of any corrupt motive. If, in point of fact, he has been eager to facilitate the patenting of doubtful claims; if, in point of fact, he has been conspicuously wanting in zeal for the protection of the nation's rights—the charge made by his opponents is established. The accusations against him under this head relate on the one hand to his attitude toward the Forestry and Reclamation Service, and, on the other, to his conduct concerning the Alaskan coal lands, especially the Cunningham claims. The questions of fact and law involved are anything but simple; but as regards the coal lands, some indication of the situation may be given.

It is agreed on all hands that the existing law on the subject of Alaskan coal lands is utterly unadapted to the situation concerned. That law is designed to prevent the taking up of large tracts by private owners, the normal amount permissible being limited to 160 acres. But these lands cannot be worked profitably in small parcels; and everybody agrees that a radical change should be made in the law. Meanwhile, however, there are two opposite attitudes which may be adopted. One is, that so far as possible the land should remain the possession of the nation until such time as legal provision shall be made whereby large holdings can be worked, with the people coming in for their full share of the benefit of such working; the other is, that inasmuch as the land cannot be worked in small parcels, the Government should look with leniency upon devices whereby, while superficially observing the law, private interests may contrive to get possession of large and extremely valuable tracts upon the easy terms designed for small holders. That there is a certain amount of sentiment in the far West in favor of this latter view is probable; that it is the view taken and promoted by the capitalists interested in getting possession of the lands goes without saying. And what seems established with a fair approach to conclusiveness, in spite of the complexities and contradictions of the mass of evidence, is that Mr. Ballinger's acts were largely influenced by this view of the case, and that, but for the dogged opposition of Mr. Glavis, this view would have prevailed long ago in the Cunningham claims.

To substantiate this assertion it would be necessary to adduce a number of special circumstances, all pointing in that direction, which have been brought out in the evidence. There is hardly one of them for which some explanation has not been offered, and to examine the pros and cons thus presented is here out of the question. It is only by considering them in conjunction, and getting their net result after all criticisms and explanations have been allowed for, that one can estimate their true significance. For this reason, it is so regrettable from the standpoint of Mr. Ballinger that the extraordinary series of inaccuracies and concealments took place which was the centre of public attention two weeks ago. In consequence of these developments, the President's letter of exoneration and the Attorney-General's summary and opinion have been largely deprived of the weight that would naturally attach to them. In default of a reading of the evidence—an impossible task to all but one person in a hundred thousand—it is upon the judgment of such referees that people naturally rely. That both the President and the Attorney-General were themselves fully assured of the justice of their conclusions, we entertain not the slightest doubt; but it is by no means so certain that in arriving at these conclusions they were not unduly guided by *ex-parte* information and assistance.

No survey of the case, however broad and general, can omit a reference to Mr. Ballinger's conduct on the witness-stand. In several instances, when questioned by Mr. Brandeis concerning extremely simple matters of fact, he made a pitiable exhibition of shiftiness, evasion, and—to call things by their right name—untruthfulness. To deny a thing and almost in the next breath to admit it when denial was plainly useless; to say he knew nothing about a matter, and, after a little prodding, to show that he remembered it quite accurately; to present the appearance of one willing to lie, and yet afraid to stick—this is a showing not only lamentable in itself, but doubly significant in its relation to the case. It is significant in regard to the trustworthiness of his statements in general; and it is significant as bearing on the question of his fitness for the custodianship of the great national interests of which the Secretary of the Interior is the trustee. We would not magnify the circumstance; we would not say that Mr. Ballinger's character is to be measured by these manifestations. Some men, not particularly dishonest, thus instinctively grasp at straws when placed in an uncomfortable position; and we would not say that more than this is true of Mr. Ballinger. But it is not to the keeping of such men that we entrust great national possessions for the seizure of which shrewd and unscrupulous and powerful private interests are constantly on the alert; nor is it to the statements of such men that we give the benefit of every possible

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doubt when confronted with opposing evidence.

DESERTERS FROM FICTION.

A statistical comparison of half a dozen numbers of half a dozen leading magazines to-day and five years ago would probably show a marked decrease in the relative number of short stories printed. A critical comparison between the short fiction of to-day and of five years ago would probably show a decline in quality fairly parallel with the decline in quantity. Fiction has fared best in the older type of magazine. Where the appeal is to the æsthetic and not to the militant virtues, the short story naturally has the better chance. The special article which has turned our newer and more popular magazines into gory battlefields of humanity has naturally served to crowd out the mere idle teller of tales. The June issue of one of the older magazines prints almost as many short stories as three among the best-known of the monthlies whose reputation has been made in the fight for God, country, and circulation. By so much as the popular monthlies have absorbed the functions of the newspaper and won thereby the unrestrained admiration of Mr. William Archer, by so much have they naturally narrowed the field for the older kind of imaginative literature.

If quality has gone down with the supply it is largely because of facts that lie in our native psychology. No one has ever denied that in imitating, adapting, and improving we are enormously clever. Mr. William Archer thinks it natural that there should be good short-story writers in America because America is the original home of the short story. Mr. Archer is wrong when he imagines that the marketable magazine story of the last dozen years has any perceptible relationship with Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is an Englishman, Rudyard Kipling, that has conditioned and shaped the prevailing type of the American short story. It is Kipling's plots, Kipling's dash, Kipling's terrifically nonchalant grown-upness, Kipling's tricks of style and very phraseology that stand out as the one powerful influence in our newer magazine pages. And as we have imitated Kipling, we have imitated such minor influences as have appeared from time to time. In other words, we have an enormous writing class in this country who write less from impulse than for business reasons, and who write less what they want than what the editors want. With our native cleverness it is possible for us to turn out excellent Kipling stories when the editors desire Kipling, excellent dialect fiction when that is what the public desires, excellent cowboy fiction, excellent "uplift" fiction, excellent detective and murder stories. It follows that when the editors want no stories, or few stories, of any kind, excellent stories will cease to be written in such numbers, and the adaptable American mind will turn to what the editor does want.

Hands that the enchanted wand of fiction might have swayed are now busy turning out special copy, and fairly good copy at that, such being our incredible cleverness and adaptability. It is possible to cite from this month's magazines nearly half a dozen concrete instances of men and women who, having made their first appearance as writers of short stories, have been hired by the editors for service on the firing line. One woman has been detailed to expose the horrid evils that inhere in the five and ten-cent stores, gigantic nurseries of woman's extravagance. Another woman in another magazine assails another form of the same shopping evil. A writer of short stories, strongly impregnated with the atmosphere of the East Side, now girds at wicked Pittsburgh and now at the horrors of the State workhouses. Two years ago a novel of brilliant promise came from a young man in Boston. Since then his decline has been steady. First he began to write for the magazines the kind of stories the magazines at that time liked. Then he was drafted for muck-rake duty. He is now pretty far from the fine originality of his first book and is probably making a good many thousand dollars a year. His case exemplifies strikingly the workings of the average editorial mind. It is in the nature of the editor to like live topics, and it is in his nature to like live names. What more reasonable, therefore, than to take this young man who writes such excellent stories, which unfortunately have gone a good deal out of style, and set him to work on something statistical, brisk, and terrifying that is in style? It is an editorial point of view which in its ultimate manifestation would write, "My dear Mr. Kipling: We foresee a hit in a series of articles dealing with brutality and underfeeding in the Indian army, at your own terms, of course"; or cable: "Rostand, Paris: Could use four articles showing connection French Prime Minister theft church property; wire acceptance and text."

So much fiction as survives in the militant monthlies is of a lower order, on the whole, than the fiction of the period before the moral awakening. After half a dozen special articles detailing the horrors of graft, smallpox, intermarriage, morphinism, tight-lacing, and over-study, the reader must have his fair measure of relief. There is very little chance, consequently, for anything but the lightest of fiction. The detective story flourishes like a green bay-tree in the company of the wildest of Wild West stories and the frankly farcical adventures of missionaries in cannibal lands. Not that the appetite for fiction is declining. This is shown by the upgrowth of a large number of magazines which print nothing but fiction, and vast quantities of it. Apparently, the average reader has let himself be persuaded that the real magazine must be chiefly social and strenuous; to quench his longing for fiction he buys an "all-story" magazine, thus learning to take his recreation and his excitement in separate doses.

That this condition of things will be permanent or even lasting, we refuse to believe. If the editors do not get exhausted, the field of human interest is pretty sure to be. And then there will be a return to the older type. Already the pioneer magazine of the militant cast is gravitating towards earlier conditions.

THE LONELINESS OF THE RETIRED

There passed through New York last week, bound to London, a former resident of Kansas City who, unlike most Americans, decided that he would not die in harness. He had made enough money some ten years ago to supply his wants, and the mere piling up of more dollars had no interest for him. So he turned over his business to younger men and sought to enjoy quietly the remainder of his years. What was the result? This typical Westerner, who had literally grown up with Kansas City, found

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himself ere long a permanent resident of the capital of a foreign country. No snobbishness took him to London, however, and no desire to force his way into foreign society. Unlike some extremely rich Americans who had preceded him to the other side, he was in nowise dissatisfied with being an American, or convinced that England is a better country than that in which he "made his pile."

Why, then, does he reside in London? The question was put to him by a reporter, who plainly could not conceal his amazement that anybody would live in London who might live in Kansas City. We give the answer precisely as the reporter printed it:

> Well, there is no place in America for a man out of a job. Over there you will find more people in the same position and you can associate with them. Here, after I go in and shake hands with my friends, they wonder how soon I am going to leave, so that they can get back to work. Every Englishman, no matter to what class he belongs, gets to a certain point when he stops work.

There it is, in a nutshell; it is the unutterable loneliness of the American with leisure on his hands which has made this man turn his back on Kansas City, its heights, its river, its cattle-yards, and its turreted homes. He could not spend the whole day watering his lawn or watching the trains come into that horrible Kansas City pigsty misnamed a station, or driving an automobile, or in waiting for his friends to come back from work. We are inclined to think, too, that, in addition to his loneliness, a sort of social stigma helped to drive him to another clime. It is still felt in many communities that there must be something wrong with one who will not earn money when he can. A man of leisure, it is instinctively understood, must turn to the Devil for aid in passing his time; as a matter of course, he is also a "man about town."

Now, it must not be thought that the case of this wayward Kansas City citizen is altogether exceptional. The plaint he utters reaches us quite frequently. The man whose health does not permit of strenuous office labor, the man of moderate income with bookish taste, the retired capitalist, the superannuated bank president, are all hard put to it to obtain sufficient human companionship. This is particularly true of retired army and navy officers. A fixed day, their sixty-fourth birthday, finds them promptly shelved. They give up their regiments or the command of departments or of fleets at the stroke of noon on the fatal anniversary. They wander homewards to the towns they came from, only to find that after the first week's issue of the *Daily Watchword* recounting their gallant services on land and sea, their friends can hardly conceal their impatience if these veterans appear a second time at their offices. Hence it is that for the retired officer Washington is a Mecca. He cannot walk down Connecticut Avenue without meeting a score of men he knew in the service. Colonel, general, and admiral—one of these titles he applies to almost every man he meets. The Army and Navy Club or the Metropolitan always has its occupants. Somebody is sure to ask the veteran how he swam ashore in that gale at Samoa, or charged down the road in the Wilderness the time poor Harry Smith got that bullet in his brain. The human touch that makes the whole world kin is there.

But not officers alone find Washington the ideal city for men with plenty of time on their hands. Even our Kansas City wanderer would have discovered associates. For side by side with official Washington is growing up another Washington, comprising men and women of wealth or social leanings who like the capital's cosmopolitan flavor, who enjoy meeting the Chinese Ambassador, the colonel fresh from the Philippines, and the titled attaché of the British Embassy, at the endless teas and dinners of the season. For those of more sober tastes there are the vast treasures in the Library of Congress and the other storehouses of learning and science for which Wasnington is famous, and the companionship of the growing body of scientists who slave and all but starve in the Government bureaus.

A leisure class, indeed, whatever the age of its members, is not altogether an evil. Perhaps the men in it will help to redeem their sex from the old slur that only women keep alive in America the handsomer things of life. But first they must learn the difference between mere restless idling and that happy leisure which means the opportunity for many finer activities.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Frederik Muller of Amsterdam announces a noteworthy sale of manuscripts, appointed for June 16 and 17, which should attract the especial attention of those interested in the earliest news of the city on Manhattan Island. A descriptive catalogue of the collections to be disposed of contains a complete list of autographs and letters in the possession of Jhr. Ridder van Rappard and others. The tale is enticing from the collector's point of view. There are the signatures of Charles V, William the Silent, Napoleon; of scientists such as Boerhave, Galileo, Franklin; of theologians, philosophers, and writers of the last three centuries. But the autographs are only examples of others of their kind; the letters do not, apparently, offer new information.

Bundle 1,795 is another matter. Herein are found seven documents relating to New Netherland, 1624-26. They do not purport to be originals, but copies made at the time. Of the originals we have no trace, so that the contents are new to us; and the comments are certainly valuable if they fulfil the promise of the catalogue. It is curious that documents pertaining to New Netherland are so slow in coming to light. Before the discovery (1904) of the Michaelis letter of August, 1628, nothing had been found for about forty years. Now this report of 1626 suddenly appears.

The list is as follows:

A. Rules for colonists to the West Indies on the ship Nieu Verdriet, "The New Sorrow" [not an auspicious name to invite emigration]. 9 pp.

B. Letter of Jan van Rijn. "Actum 25 Aprill in Wiapeco of het fort Nassau a° 1625." 5 pp.

C. Instruction for Willem van Hulst Commis on the voyage to New Netherland. No date. 1625 (?). 22 pp.

D. Further instructions for this same Willem van Hulst. Amsterdam, Ap. 22. 1625. 24 pp.

E. Particular instructions for the engineer and land surveyor Cryn Fredericxse for construction of a fort in New Netherland. Ap. 22, 1625. 19 pp.

F. Detailed report of Isaac de Ragière [Razières] to the W. I. Co. written in the Fort of the Island of Manhattan. Sept. 23, 1626. This contains a description of the life of the colonists and the difficulties they have encountered.

Surely some effort should be made to acquire these papers for the New York Library or some other public institution. They should not be absorbed in a private collection merely as curiosities and secluded from view.

Correspondence.

MARK TWAIN, SIR THOMAS BROWNE, AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. William Lyon Phelps, in an interesting article in the *Independent* for May 5, points out a parallel to Mark Twain's delightful story of "Isaac" and the prophets of Baal and how the water poured over the altar turned out to be petroleum. It certainly looks, at first sight, as though the same devil that whispered to the disquieting of Sir Thomas Browne had reappeared for the comforting of Capt.

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Wakeman (alias "Hurricane Jones"). As Browne's "Religio Medici" says (I quote from Professor Phelps's article):

> Again, . . . having read far more of Naptha, he [the Devil] whispered to my curiosity the fire of the Altar might be natural; and bid me mistrust a miracle in Elias, when he entrenched the Altar round with Water.

But it is probable that this explanation of the origin and recurrence of the petroleum idea gives the devil more (or less) than his due.

For some time past I have had in mind a still older parallel, which has occurred to me whenever I have thought of Mark Twain's story. It is a bit of narrative which is to be found in the Old Testament, though in a portion of it which is not as familiar to Bible readers now as it was a few generations ago. In II Maccabees i, 19 ff. we read how the sacred fire on the great altar in Jerusalem was rekindled, after the return of the exiles. Nehemiah had come from Babylonia, bringing with him the secret of the place where the fire had been hidden in a deep well, by the Jewish priests, many years before. He sent some of the descendants of those priests to find it, but they returned with the news that they found no fire, but only "thick water." Then (vs. 21) "he commanded them to draw it up, and to bring it; and when the sacrifices were laid on, Neemias commanded the priests to sprinkle the wood and the things laid thereupon with the water. (22) When this was done, and the time came that the sun shone, which afore was hid in the cloud, there was a great fire kindled, so that every man marvelled." But this was not all. After the sacrifice had been consumed, (vs. 31) "Neemias commanded the water that was left to be poured over certain great stones. (32) When this was done, there was kindled a flame; but it was extinguished by the light that shone from the altar." The obvious purpose of this second episode is to show that the "thick water," while always capable of producing fire when greatly heated, did not of itself produce *sacred* fire. The flame on the holy altar at once quenched the rival blaze, though the two had been kindled in the same way. And finally, that there may be no doubt as to the nature of this "water," the narrator adds in vs. 36 that Nehemiah (following a seductive etymology) "called the stuff Naphthar, . . . though most men call it Naphtha."

Now, it may well be that Capt. Ned Wakeman was not acquainted with this legend; though it is in the inherited family Bibles of just such old stagers as he that the Apocrypha chiefly survive among us today, and we may be sure that he would have read or heard such narratives as this with especial satisfaction. At all events, we may give his inventive faculty the benefit of the doubt. But in the case of Sir Thomas Browne there can be no doubt at all. He was perfectly familiar with the account of how Nehemiah watered the great altar with petroleum, and thus restored the perpetual fire. What the devil whispered to him was merely the suggestion that perhaps this had been the standard method of renewing the sacred fire whenever the altar had been rebuilt, and that therefore Elijah himself, in his great encounter with the priests of Baal, had only made use of this same old oil.

CHARLES C. TORREY.

Yale University, May 25.

CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 5, under the ambiguous heading "West Point in 1824," you print an interesting old letter, written from Norwich, Vt., under date of July 9, 1824, by Theodore Sedgwick, jr., to Harmanus Bleecker of Albany, N. Y. It is perfectly clear that Sedgwick's detailed description of the routine and curriculum of "the academy" refers to Captain Alden Partridge's famous school, known at the time of its foundation (September, 1820) as "The American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy"—the forerunner of Norwich University, now situated at Northfield, Vt. For reasons not easily discoverable Captain Partridge's "Academy" was removed from Norwich, Vt., to Middletown, Conn., in August, 1825, and remained there until 1829. Then, not being able to obtain from the Connecticut Legislature such privileges as he thought that he deserved, Partridge removed back to Norwich. The buildings at Middletown, which had been carefully constructed under Partridge's supervision, later formed the nucleus of Wesleyan University, an institution chartered in 1831. Inasmuch as Alden Partridge left an impression as an educator on his generation that is deserving of more careful record than it has yet received, will you allow me briefly to recall his career?

Alden Partridge was born in Norwich, Vt., in 1785. He died there in 1854. For a brief time he was a student at Dartmouth College, but he gained admission to the academy at West Point and graduated there in the Engineer Corps in 1806. Receiving an appointment on the teaching staff at West Point, Partridge was known soon as an exceptional teacher of mathematics and was deeply interested in the educational features of tactics and military drill. Before he was thirty years old, he was promoted (1813) to a professorship of civil and military engineering; later, for upwards of three years, he occupied the position of superintendent of West Point. His administration, however, did not satisfy the national authorities, and he was virtually forced to leave his place. After aiding as a practical surveyor in striking out the Maine boundary in the summer of 1819, he was free to turn his enthusiastic nature to the work of establishing a school in his native town of Norwich. This school he opened in September, 1820. Boys from the best New England homes came to it. Among the early catalogues, one finds the names of boys from Michigan, from Ohio, from Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere in the South, and occasionally from Cuba and parts of South America. In later years, Partridge was sufficiently encouraged or persistent to try to found similar private schools along the Atlantic slope—at Pembroke, N. H., at Brandywine Springs, Del., at Harrisburg, Pa., at Portsmouth, Va., and even as far south as the State of Mississippi. Devoted to his school projects, he was yet able for a time to be useful as surveyor-general of Vermont. Between 1830-40, he was four times chosen a member of the Vermont Legislature.

Partridge, in truth, stood for certain rational and—for his day—very advanced ideals in education. In the first place, he was among the earliest protestants against too conservative classical modes of training. While willing to admit Latin and Greek into the curriculum, he had firm faith in the discipline to be gained from mathematics and from what would generally be called scientific studies—from physics, chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. He was careful to provide instruction in the modern languages, notably in French, Spanish, and even Italian. Sprung from a line of colonial fighters, trained to some extent at West Point, he believed in the value to every youngster of military drill and in a knowledge of military tactics. To long idle vacations he was sternly opposed. Healthy boys should be occupied, he thought, at all times of the year. They should be subjected, moreover, to the open air in all sorts of weather.

One of the most characteristic features of his school was the trips which he made with the cadets, trips which always included places of historic or scientific interest, not too far removed from Norwich or Middletown. On these trips records of a casual or scientific nature were kept: heights were calculated; observations of the weather were taken; notes of the scenery and of the occupations of the inhabitants of various regions were set down. Usually a printed *Journal* was published. These old *Journals* contain the names of the cadets and general accounts of the entire course of the trips. There was, for example, a corps of 115 boys organized in June, 1822, which went from Norwich to Concord, N. H., where the Legislature of New Hampshire was then in session, and which returned by a different road. Capt. Partridge addressed the Legislature on the subject (a favorite one with him) of the Battle of Waterloo. The Governor reviewed the corps. In June, 1824, a similar corps of 132 students went from Norwich across the State of Vermont on foot to Whitehall. There they took the boat for Burlington and Plattsburgh, passing Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and returned to Norwich by way of Vergennes. It is to this trip that the letter of Theodore Sedgwick refers. In the autumn of the same year some fifty cadets, among whom was Gideon Welles, years later Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, went to the White Mountains, where they climbed Mt. Washington and camped on its side. The longest expedition of which I have discovered a record was made in December, 1826, from Middletown, Conn.—then the temporary location of the Academy—when a corps of cadets embarked on the Oliver Ellsworth for New York city. Thence they crossed New Jersey via Trenton on foot, passed through Philadelphia, and over a portion of Delaware to the head of Chesapeake Bay, where they were transported to Baltimore. From there they tramped to Washington, D. C. At Washington the corps visited the Capitol, where they saw the Senate and the House in session. They were cordially received by President John Quincy Adams. The Secretary of War (James Barbour) addressed to them a few remarks in the nature of a homily. At Mount Vernon Judge Bushrod Washington showed them the points of special interest, and opened the vault that, in the language of their *Journal*, "contained

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the mouldering remains of the greatest and best of men."

After this sort of evidence one may fairly assume that, were Alden Partridge alive to-day, he would be deeply interested in many phases of the movement toward a more rational system of education, particularly in out-of-door observation and exercise, of which he was one of the earliest American exponents. Many of his students found, as time went on, useful places in the work of the world; and some of them gave evidence of their sound military training under him in connection with the Mexican and the civil wars. They were to be found in high and low places in the army and the navy. It was such young men as Gideon Welles, Josiah Tatnall, George M. Colvocoresses, Horatio and Thomas H. Seymour, Theodore Sedgwick, Thomas Rutherford Trowbridge, and William H. Russell of New Haven, who came into close touch with much that was admirable in Capt. Partridge's spirit, and were the means of carrying his influence on to a later generation.

In an early manuscript diary kept by the late Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, the writer speaks of meeting Capt. Partridge in Hartford, Conn., in the spring of 1842. Partridge had given a lecture on the subject of the "National Defences." Mr. Welles found the lecture interesting and instructive. "Capt. Partridge," he remarked, "condemns a standing army as inconsistent with public liberty, and would rely for national defence on . . . the people themselves. These he would educate to be not only scholars, but soldiers." Of the man himself, Welles set down this matured judgment: "He still possesses and exhibits that strong, marked, and honest good sense for which he was uniformly distinguished, and I find the high admiration and regard of early life was not in this instance, certainly, an over-estimate of the man."

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., May 26.

THE HETCH HETCHY WATER SUPPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 21 there appears a communication from Mr. George Edwards, Berkeley, Cal., in which he undertakes to throw "new light" on the Hetch Hetchy water supply. He endeavors to make it appear that the water supply of San Francisco and adjacent cities is a matter of area drained, when it is preëminently a matter of storage of flood waters which would otherwise go to waste. He attempts to make it appear that Cherry Creek and Cherry Valley are in the reservation called "Yosemite National Park," when they are beyond the limits of that reservation; also that Cherry Creek drainage basin and the reservoirs therein are "conceded" to San Francisco, when they are all in the hands of a private corporation by appropriation and grant under the laws of Congress, and if acquired by San Francisco, will have to be acquired at great cost, but to the benefit of those corporations and individuals who have acquired them at slight cost and by "appropriation" and "filing."

Mr. Edwards not only advocates the deprivation of San Francisco of her ultimate right to store waste waters in the Hetch Hetchy reservoir, of which she owns more than one-half by purchase resting upon patents issued by the United States government prior to the establishment of the reservation, but he also wishes to deprive her of the right to use the remainder of this reservoir already granted to the city, and of the right to a single gallon of waste water of the main Tuolumne, which flows to the sea each year in excess of all possible demands.

Now, instead of the so-called "new light" which Mr. Edwards attempts to throw on the subject, let us have a little of the old light of truth and fact:

By the law of 1888 reservoirs surveyed by any department of the government charged with this duty were set apart to public use. By the law of October 1, 1890, a reservation, subsequently known as "Yosemite National Park," was defined, and rigid regulations provided regarding the injury of timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders, within the limits of said reservation and their retention in their natural condition. (26th Stat. at L., 651).

In 1898, the reservoirs in this reservation were surveyed by the United States Geological Survey, their storage at various levels estimated, and types of structures planned for their utilization. Among these were both Hetch Hetchy and Lake Eleanor reservoirs. (See U. S. Geol. Survey, 21st Annual Report, page 453.)

On February 15, 1901, after an experience of more than ten years with the law just referred to, and in the light of the researches of the United States Geological Survey, Congress passed an act empowering the Secretary of the Interior to permit the use of rights of way through public lands, Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant National Parks, for canals and reservoirs for the supply of water for domestic and public or any other beneficial use (31 Stat. at L. 790). By the law of February 1, 1905, these rights of way were presented by Congress to San Francisco for municipal purposes, and under this law are not revocable during the period of their beneficial use (33 Stat. at L. 628). Under the law of 1901 San Francisco surveyed and applied for reservoir rights of way for two of the reservoirs designated and covered by the provisions of the above law; these rights were granted, and there is no just possibility of their revocation. Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, under the able tutelage of the chief engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company, denied these rights, under the law of February 15, 1901, both upon original application and a subsequent rehearing, but Secretary Garfield, who is not an apt pupil of "the interests," after an opinion rendered by the attorney-general of the United States and a careful hearing both in San Francisco and in Washington, granted these reservoir rights of way to San Francisco, subject to certain stipulations, among which was one requiring the development of Lake Eleanor reservoir to its maximum extent before the Hetch Hetchy reservoir should be undertaken. Under this grant, more than one-half the reservoir area in each reservoir has been purchased and is held in fee simple by San Francisco, under patents granted by the United States government prior to the establishment of the reservation. The cost of these purchases and of land for exchange for the remainder of the reservoir areas and of their survey and development to date, is in excess of $600,000. These ownerships and the grant above mentioned constitute vested rights; it is the manifest purpose of Mr. Edwards's allegations to effect a withdrawal of San Francisco's rights to such an extent as to remove an adequate basis for going across the State of California for a pure water supply.

San Francisco is prepared to carry out the provisions of the stipulations in the grant of May 11, 1908, provided her ownership in the reservoir areas and her rights thereto shall not be mutilated to the extent of depriving her of that part of these properties which justifies the expenditure of $45,000,000, recently voted for this work by a majority of more than twenty to one.

To any just and fair-minded person it should appear from the above plain statement of the facts that San Francisco has vested rights of which she cannot be deprived if the Federal Administration keeps faith with this city.

Mr. Edwards misstates the prior rights of the irrigation districts. He would make it appear that they have a right to 1,500,000,000 gallons a day. They have this right only when the natural flow of the river is equal to or beyond this amount, and when they, under the laws of the State, make beneficial use thereof. These districts have legal rights to water to the extent of the capacity of their diverting canals, when the natural flow of the river is capable of yielding this amount. San Francisco has recognized their rights to an extent far greater than this legal right, namely, to the full extent of these filings, or to 2,350 second feet. The storage which San Francisco proposes to make is of flood waters in excess of this natural flow, which would otherwise be wasted. The attempt of Mr. Edwards to apportion and divide the waters of the Tuolumne River by percentages of areas drained is silly in the extreme, as the problem is not one of percentages of drainage areas, but of storage. If San Francisco can store the waste flood waters in excess of 2,350 second feet natural flow at La Grange, the water so stored will be a net gain which is to be exclusively used for municipal purposes, and such storage and use will not in the least interfere with the rights of the irrigation districts. The representatives of these districts, in a discussion held at Modesto in July, 1907, recognized that it was not a problem of diversion and use of water or scarcity of flood waters for storage, but a problem of storage alone. They have every assurance that San Francisco does not intend to divert, and will not divert, waters except in excess of 2,350 second feet, which is the ultimate limit of their rights as fixed by their own filings.

The charges, therefore, "that a few dishonest men are maturing in secret a plot so atrocious that they have not yet dared to whisper it in public, and that they are in cold-blooded villany preparing to rob the irrigationists and to convert their homes into a desert waste," are ignorant and vicious.

It would be well for the public, if Mr. Edwards knows of any such "atrocious plot," for him to state it, instead of intimating the existence of such a plot without a clear and distinct statement of what it is and who are its originators. The con-

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ception that such a plot could be devised and carried out under the laws of this country rests with Mr. Edwards alone. Some motive is the actuating cause. Through the plea that San Francisco shall develop reservoirs which have been acquired by private corporations, this motive is not far to seek.

MARSDEN MANSON,
City Engineer.

San Francisco, April 29.

A SOURCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to bring to the attention of Shakespeare students the "Cesare" of Orlando Pescetti, published in Verona in 1594, which has been overlooked by modern histories of the drama, though it is mentioned in Tiraboschi. The tragedy has intrinsic merit, but is of particular interest because there are a number of passages which are later found in the "Julius Cæsar" of Shakespeare, though they are not found in Plutarch, the common source of both dramas.

Some of these passages are:

J. C., i, 3, 3-4. id., ii, 2, 18-24. Ces., p., 74-75, l. 20-28, and 1-9.
J. C., i, 3, 5-8. Ces., p. 759, l. 2-6.
J. C., ii, 2, 75-78. Ces., p. 75, l. 17-18.
J. C., i, 2, 59-61. Ces., p. 73, l. 26-36.
J. C., i, 2, 68-70. Ces., p. 80, l. 28. id., p. 77, l. 17-21.
J. C., ii, 1, 187-190. Ces., p. 25, l. 21-24.
J. C., ii, 11, 62-63. Ces., p. 27, l. 1-11.
J. C., iii, l. 78-79. id., iii, 11, 106-114. Ces., p. 116, l. 22-31. id., p. 126, l. 20-21.
J. C., iii, 2, 201-203. Ces., p. 144, l. 3-5.
J. C., iii, 1, 205-208. Ces., p. 120, l. 16-24.
J. C., iii, 1, 170-172. Ces., p. 13, l. 13-15. id., p. 25, l. 189.

These passages are not all equally striking, but cumulative evidence has its value. I quote two of the passages that I consider striking:

J. C., iii, 1, 78 ff.:
Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cassius. Some to the common pulpit, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Idem. iii, 11, 106-114:
. . . Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows and besmear our swords,
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, Liberty!
Cassius. Stoop then and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Ces., p. 116, l. 22 ff.:
Ma scorriam per la terra,
O voi che fidelissimi compagni
Mi siete all' onorata impresa,
Con le coltella in mano,
Del tirranico sangue ancor stillanti,
E coi pilei sull'aste,
E'l popolo di Marte
Chiamiamo a libertade.
Con. Libertà, libertà, morto è il tiranno.
Libera è Roma, e rotto il giogo indegno.

Idem, p. 126, l. 20-21:
Recandosi ciascun a somma gloria,
Tinger la spada sua nel sacro sangue.

Idem p. 106, l. 7-9:
Cal. Ahi, pur ch'anzi a gli Euripidi non porga
Materia, onde riusonino i teatri
Ne secoli avvenir le sue sventure.

J. C., iii, 2, 201-203:
Citizen. We will be revenged!
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Kill! Slay! Let no traitor live!

Ces., p. 144, l. 3-5:
Arme, arme, sangue, sangue, ammazza, ammazza,
Degli empi traditor non resti razza.

Not only the verbal coincidences, but the similarities in the exclamatory style are worth noticing. There are points in the subject matter used in both dramas which will also have value in deciding whether Shakespeare knew and used the "Cesare" of Pescetti.

I hope to find time and strength to publish the work I have prepared on Orlando Pescetti in the more exhaustive form he fully deserves, for all his writings merit recognition.

LISI CIPRIANI.

New York, May 27.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would call your attention to a misstatement of fact appearing in the comment upon the death of Mr. James Van Cleave in the *Nation* of May 19. In this article the statement appears: "The officials of the American Federation of Labor announced that they were superior to any decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States and continued to violate its injunction," etc. The Supreme Court of the United States did not issue the injunction in question. It was issued by the Federal Court of the District of Columbia. And further, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has since held that in some respects the Federal Court exceeded its authority in issuing the injunction.

This difference may seem a small matter, but it is only one instance of many in which misrepresentations have been made—often, without doubt, unintentionally—which have placed the officials of the American Federation of Labor, their acts, and their utterances, in a false light before the general public, especially when this case has been under consideration.

E. C. MORRIS.

New York, May 26.

COLLEGE DEBATING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of May 5 upon "College Debating and Writing" censures the "text-book" method of debating, and questions the value to the debater of discussing current problems. A wrong impression may be gained from the editorial as to the nature of forensics in which high-school and college students are engaged.

As the article suggests, any system that makes a mere parrot of the pupil is worthy of nothing but condemnation. Yet it is also true that legitimate means of assistance should be encouraged. To the observer the change from the old to the new way of teaching forensics doubtless seems odd. The alteration, however, has been nothing but a part of the general transition from the scholastic to the empirical method of teaching—a change that has taken place in every department of higher education. This change in forensic methods, like other similar changes, is open to misconception. One might conclude from reading the editorial, that the object of presenting a brief to the debater is to save him the labor of making one. Such an assumption is entirely wrong. The brief serves merely as a model for orderly arrangement of argument. Any one who has engaged in debating knows that it is suicidal for one side to follow blindly a brief with which their opponents are, in all probability, familiar.

To the statement that the modern method of brief-making has no place outside a court of appeals, a reasonable answer is that if the system is not used elsewhere, it manifestly ought to be. Brief-making teaches accuracy of thought, systematic arrangement, and the ability to discern the essential from the non-essential—all acquisitions that are desirable, whether one be in the courtroom, on the platform, or simply reading a book.

After commenting upon the value of brief-making, the editorial asks: "But why, after all, should the high-school student or college student debate corporation taxes or central banks?" Why, one immediately wonders, should they not discuss these questions? What harm can result? Who is more willing to attempt an earnest study of corporation taxation or the problem of the central bank than the college student? He has every inducement to make that study thorough. His library facilities are adequate. His work is done under supervision of men competent to direct. Having no cause to play the demagogue, to make the worse seem the better reason, he discusses faithfully the issues before him. His general qualifications for the task are not to be made light of. Probably at no other time has one so good an opportunity for thorough research as during one's college days. Moreover, a study of the average intercollegiate debate will show that it is likely to contain in one or two paragraphs the kernel of a proposition that one not trained in arranging argument would take pages to expound. Since college men are entering more and more into our legislative halls, such training is desirable. They should be taught to write an argument in such a manner that it will not be necessary for listeners to go home to dinner while the main body of the speech is being delivered.

Inference might be readily drawn from the editorial that the "text-book" method ignores training in delivery. Modern methods not only teach the speaker to have something to say, they also teach him how to say it. What can more truly inspire a debater "to plead with passion" than the consciousness that what he is saying conforms to logic and fact? What can be more easily shown to be untrue, by present research methods, than an argument that does not conform to these essentials? If sincerity, simplicity, and passion are desirable elements in debate, surely the present-day method offers every inducement for their successful operation.

E. CLYDE ROBBINS.

The State University of Iowa, May 21.

THE "AUGUSTAN" AGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How old is the word "Augustan" as applied to the literature of the eighteenth century? The Oxford Dictionary's first reference is 1819, and that from a dictionary, where it is stated that "The reign of Queen Anne is often called the Augustan age of

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England." Horace Walpole, writing to William Mason, July 21, 1772, says:

> What a figure will this our Augustan age make; Garrick's prologues, epilogues, and verses. . . . What a library of poetry, taste, good sense, veracity, and vivacity! ungrateful Shebbear! indolent Smollett! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith! how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences, are encouraged and rewarded. . . . The retrospect makes one melancholy, but *Ossian* has appeared, and were Paradise once more lost, we should not want an epic poem.

All which is delightfully bad criticism, in addition to being an early reference to the word in question. JAMES W. TUPPER.

Lafayette College, May 24.

Literature.

THE MAKER OF JOHNS HOPKINS.

The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. By Fabian Franklin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

Some time or other the historian of America in the nineteenth century will mark the rise of a new and exacting profession that broke many mediocre persons and greatly exalted a few persons of uncommon parts. To be a university president in the period of expanding science, implied the negation of academic ease. Where a *rector magnificus*, a provost, or other traditional academic chief merely administered small and carefully husbanded revenues and ruled a compact body of teachers, the American university president had to be competent in numerous extra-academic functions. Besides the duty of administration within the scholastic family, a sufficiently difficult task, he had to deal on equal terms with men of great affairs, trustees, donors, and the like. Frequently he had to beg for the growth or the very maintenance of his university from more or less ignorant and hostile legislatures. Constantly he must make ideals of disinterested scholarship both explicable and acceptable to communities and individuals frantically given over to immediate and palpable gain. In short, he was required to add to the well-balanced imagination of the scholar, the plausible audacity of the popular evangelist, and the effective tact and energy of the captain of industry. In every sense, he was compelled to convert his thinking promptly into cash values, and this with no compromise of the dignity of his office. For such service he received a tenth of the salary that men of like abilities received as officers of business corporations.

The challenge of this new and arduous profession enlisted many notable personalities. Among them incontestably the first was the late Daniel Coit Gilman. Others may have equalled him in the quality of their service, but none conducted so many important enterprises so successfully. Deeply associated with the organization of the Sheffield Scientific School, at New Haven, with the upbuilding of the University of California, the foundation of Johns Hopkins University, and of its Medical School, he found energy at seventy to inaugurate the work of the Carnegie Institution, an unprecedented organization for the fostering of research, and in the last year of his life he practically gave shape to the Russell Sage Foundation for sociological and charitable investigation. In treating such a career, the biographer had no choice but to merge the hero in his causes. This Dr. Franklin, a former Johns Hopkins colleague, has done, making so many chapters out of Mr. Gilman's chief activities, and then adding as a sort of supplement a selection from his intimate correspondence, and a brief sketch of his family life by Mrs. Gilman. The man appears so transparently in his administrative efforts that in the interest of symmetry, one could wish that the more essential portions of these supplementary chapters might have been interwoven with the general narrative. On the other hand, a large circle of Mr. Gilman's friends—and he had the faculty of endearing himself to the most casual associates—will undoubtedly welcome these collected materials of intimate import. As to the larger issue, Dr. Franklin has set forth with admirable orderliness and lucidity the chief activities of a varied and complicated life, and his book will be necessary not only to admirers of the hero but also to all students of higher education in America.

Mr. Gilman scored more, and more various, successes than any other man who ever dealt with education in America. Accordingly, the training of this ideal administrator and his fundamental personality are subjects of uncommon interest. It would be foolish to deny that his intimates found a certain mystery in his power. His was never the obviously masterful way of the conventional commanding officer. His suavity in all relations was complete. How the genial "Uncle Daniel" of the Johns Hopkins undergraduates did so many things and did them so infallibly well was a poser. It was easy to miss the incredible industry of one who was never in a hurry, and to underrate the sterner qualities of a chief who worked mostly by suggestion and persuasion. One remarks the swiftness of his judgment, his ready sympathy with other points of view, the measured economy of all his processes; but these are inert phrases for a vital thing. Perhaps a fine confidence in other men was his strong point. His highest praise for a friend or colleague was to call him "coöperative." He had a remarkable sense not merely of policies, but of what could or could not be done with individual people. This helped him in choosing his associates. He had the gift of being discreetly personal in matters of routine. Many a student could tell of timely admonition as to crudity in work or demeanor, and such criticism never seemed made by a superior but addressed to a higher court—the better judgment of the unconscious offender. Knowing his personal capacity, Mr. Gilman very reluctantly left any negotiation to the written word. He was a born committee chairman, and at his best in small groups with work to do. A graceful speaker and writer, his impact was comparatively weak in those regards. No man of our times, probably, has left so deep an impress on higher education, but many others have aroused more discussion and launched more theories.

It was part of the genius and rectitude of the man always to seem less important than his work. If you had visited Yale about 1870 and asked about Professor Gilman, probably you would have got the picture of a brilliant dilettante. Here was a ready man endeavoring against official indifference to make a workable university library. He had travelled much, and everywhere with eager curiosity for educational and charitable institutions. At twenty-three he had spoken at Manchester for Cobden and Bright, on American public schools, and had taken a heckling well. He had for a space been a diplomatic attaché at St. Petersburg, and transiently a magazine editor. He had seriously considered entering the Christian ministry. A New England patrician by birth and training, he worked well with all manner of men in college and out. He was in all kinds of charities and semi-public activities. He had organized an art loan exhibition that paid its own expenses. Just the conventionally useful and versatile person, one would have said. A shrewder observer would have noted that a new system of study had been quietly introduced into the Sheffield Scientific School. And here we face an odd and characteristic paradox, that this orderly method of grouped studies which Mr. Gilman introduced first at Yale and afterwards at Johns Hopkins, while it is steadily prevailing, has been little discussed, whereas the elective system, which is nearly in confessed bankruptcy to-day, was the object of an ardent and diffused propaganda. The fact gives a sidelight on the respective temperaments of two great university presidents. In his hour of discouragement in California and periodically at other times, Mr. Gilman leaned toward journalism. We think he was well out of it. His public utterances were conciliatory, as if he feared the emphasis of mere words. It was his accomplished deeds that spoke cogently. There are no addresses and writings of Mr. Gilman that seem monuments of his favorite cause—the idea of scientific research in America. He simply started Johns Hopkins University, and academic America saw itself compelled to a stern chase. This

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was highly characteristic of the man. He was nothing of an idealogue, nourishing the theory for its intellectual fascination, but rather a potent evoker of sane ideas to guide the next forward step. Thus, in spite of an absolute and self-sacrificing devotion—while president of Johns Hopkins he added the directorship of a great hospital to fixed duties already oppressive—he gave to many some sense of facile opportunism. On the contrary, loyalty was his strongest instinct. During his brief but effective term as president of the University of California he met with an ignorant political opposition that threatened the very existence of the university, and with the demagogic shifts of certain of his own professors. His correspondence shows how keenly he felt the lack of underlying trust. As a matter of fact, the event showed that he exaggerated the peril of agrarian interference, but it is plain that he could not be spiritually at ease in an air where competence might be at the mercy of charlatanry, and antagonists would not even play fair.

His mind was already on Baltimore and the proposed Johns Hopkins University. As the trustees made a tour of information to existing universities, four college presidents, Eliot, Porter, Angell, and Andrew D. White, independently recommended him for the position. What he proceeded to do now seems the most natural thing in the world. What could be more obvious than to naturalize in America the German university system, admittedly the best in the world? We have even got to the point of questioning whether it was really for the best. Would not a finer foresight have seen a greater flexibility in some adaptation of the more humane university organization of France? As a matter of fact, to found a university *more teutonico* was by no means an obvious course. Many people who were not fools doubted seriously if advanced students would be forthcoming in sufficient numbers to justify the enterprise. One Baltimore paper, while genially admitting the right of Johns Hopkins's trustees to commit such a quixotry, opined that in fifty years there might be a genuine demand for this new-fangled institution. The success of Johns Hopkins University was instantaneous and signal. Its reverberation extended far beyond the range of direct emulation. Everywhere among us scholars held their heads higher because of what was being done in Baltimore. If Whitney and Child in New England were relieved from elementary drudgery borne for years, it was because it was known that Johns Hopkins University had desired their distinguished services. Hardly less meritorious than the institution of facilities for research was the generous provision that President Gilman made for the publication of the results of American scholarship generally. That American research began to bulk impressively in Europe, no longer as an exceptional and individual phenomenon but as a collective fact, is largely due to the journals that Mr. Gilman encouraged, apparently in advance of any demand. The early fluid days of the university he has described charmingly himself. In shabby temporary quarters his young enthusiasts learned that not bricks and mortar counted, but the work and the spirit of the work. With the wisdom of hindsight we can now see that the university somewhat hardened as it grew, and that the wholesale imitation of its example by the older universities was by no means an unmixed good. Yet the fault, if fault there be, lies not with Mr. Gilman, but with his emulators. It was inevitable in a land of ill-organized scholarship that the first emphasis should be set on simple thoroughness, that Original Research should a little flaunt its lordly capitals. Mr. Gilman had to combat a disgraceful laxness. As late as the founding of the Medical School of the university it seemed a radical thing to insist that its students should first have been liberally educated. Most medical schools were taking students who could not have entered the freshman class of an old-style college. In fine, while it is now patent that the country did not need a score of universities on the Johns Hopkins model, it is equally clear that precisely the impulse it gave was most timely and necessary. We feel that a new university could hardly have started then and there on any other basis, and regret merely that the older colleges followed its leading with too little imagination, and left unsettled the adjustment between different orders of research and between these and the claims of higher discursive education.

It was not, we repeat, the fault of Johns Hopkins if its admirers supposed it had attained a kind of doctrinal finality. President Gilman himself never held any such opinion. On scanty and shrinking means he endeavored to liberalize its teaching. By introducing open lectures of the highest class he took a leaf from the French book. He wished to give the poet Sidney Lanier a professorship, and did get him a lectureship. He would have had Child from Cambridge; barring that, he arranged a succession of literary courses by the best critics of both worlds. In short, if other college presidents had copied not his catalogues, but his spirit, the excessive Germanization of our universities would have been tempered by some respect for the experience of France and for the finer part of our own English tradition.

A new enterprise always appealed to the imagination of this indomitable leader; a difficult problem merely set his resolution on edge. There was a moment, in 1896, when he was tempted to leave Johns Hopkins and assume the superintendency of the New York schools. What tempted him was doubtless the prospect of a great confusion to be set in order. Such service as he constantly rendered to civic and charitable organizations of all sorts, from the Village Improvement Society of his summer home at North East Harbor, Me., to the Venezuela Boundary Commission, was simply in his day's work. Probably few men of our times believed more fervently in the value of organization, or lent to what may be called bureaucratic activities a more personal touch. When past seventy he undertook the management of the Carnegie Institution, and our sole quarrel with the biographer is that he has failed to show how the work of encouraging research grew and broadened under Mr. Gilman's hand. It is Mr. Carnegie who has given the most terse expression to that mild and reasonable forcefulness which was Mr. Gilman's most marked trait. On the occasion of Mr. Gilman's resignation the founder of the Carnegie Institution wrote:

> All great men have their special feature. If I were asked what yours was, I should say, that which draws all men after him, pleasing everybody, and offending nobody, doing the absolutely necessary ungentle things in a gentle way.

With this tribute we might well leave Mr. Gilman, but it may be permissible in view of the peculiar importance and difficulty of the profession he so signally adorned, to note that not merely his personality, but his apparently desultory training made him the ideal university president. And first, he never was a finished specialist in any subject, though his attainments in his favorite science of geography were considerable. He represented rather a ready and unbounded intellectual curiosity and sympathy that swiftly caught the significance of other men's specialties. To old age, he kept his zest and alertness for new knowledge and untried experiences. His mind was equally attuned to the recondite erudition of a Henry Rowland and to the personal fragrance of a Sidney Lanier. Mr. Gilman was preeminently the astute and forceful administrator, but he was, apart from this, as few men of our times have been, a true professor of things in general. And this capacity, if not the absolute requisite, is surely the ultimate grace of that character which makes for acceptable leadership over the irritable race of creative scholars.

CURRENT FICTION.

The History of Mr. Polly. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mr. Polly's story is roughly analogous, in setting and atmosphere, to the "Old Wives' Tale" of Mr. Bennett. It is placed, that is, in the dingy and unhopeful

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scene of lower middle-class activity in a provincial English town. But Mr. Wells is anything but a realist: he is not content, like Mr. Bennett, with setting down scrupulously the facts, physical and spiritual, connected with an average shopkeeping and housekeeping experience on that plane—interpreting them only through the luminous diffusion of sympathy we call humor. Mr. Wells must have his definitive objective, and subtlety is not his favorite means of conveyance. There is perhaps less of mere sparkle and more of humor in the present tale than is common with him. But his theory of the life he portrays has not left his mind clear for mere vision. He has set out, as usual, to demonstrate a particular thing—the possibility of the existence, even in that bog of servile and conforming tradesmanship, of an ardent if baffled idealism.

Mr. Polly's father was a small tradesman; his mother died when he was seven. At fourteen, after attending a national and then a private school, his studying was over. "By that time," here speaks the caustic, reforming Mr. Wells, "his mind was in much the same state that you would be in, dear reader, if you were operated upon for appendicitis by a well-meaning, boldly enterprising, but rather over-worked and under-paid butcher boy, who was superseded toward the climax of his operation by a left-handed clerk of high principles but intemperate habits—that is to say, it was in a thorough mess." Shortly thereafter he became apprentice to a "gentlemen's outfitter," and for some subsequent years drifted toward the misguided ownership of a shabby hose and necktie shop in a town as forlorn as that of his birth. Marriage had intervened, with a narrow-souled slattern who ministered to his now chronic indigestion and discontent. Finally bankruptcy arrives, and what with the wife, and the stomach, and the debts, and the general dinginess of life, Mr. Polly is at the end of his rope—or thinks he is. His real trouble, and his real salvation, lie in his inborn and unconquerable love of beauty and desire for grace of living. The episode of his achieved arson and attempted suicide, with the incident of the criminal turned hero, and the irrepressible old woman whom he saves, is upon a plane of true humor. And the further action—the secession from wedlock, the cheerful wandering of a delivered Mr. Polly, and the final discovery of the home and the companion in which his soul (no longer hampered by convention or indigestion) may find rest—all this part of the narrative is in Mr. Wells's best mood. The book will not breed the controversy awarded (to the amusement of her creator, no doubt) to "Ann Veronica." Mr. Polly does desert his titular wife, to be sure, but that act is incidental rather than climacteric. Mr. Polly is a person to be loved rather than quarrelled over; and may turn out to have been the inventor of a new sort of art-tongue.

The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Benson has an advantage over many current novelists in being sure of his *métier*. He never attempts too much. His plane is that of the social-humorous romance. He is content with few characters and simple plot. After a few of these pages, it is perfectly clear what the fascinating Mrs. Halton is going to do. Her task is an unusual one, though not unheard of: there is a very passable stage plot involved in the narrative. Mrs. Halton is a young and not over-mournful widow. She is, indeed, when the story opens, already pledged to a second mate, and on the way to a first happiness. But an unpleasant duty intervenes. Returning to England from a season of mourning and recuperation abroad, she finds her favorite niece and companion almost engaged to be married to a certain young lord (of course a lord). He is a pretty fair sort of lord, but he has had his experiences, one of them connected with a lady in Paris, whom Mrs. Halton knows to have been the sister of Daisy, the girl. There is your situation. It is impossible for Mrs. Halton to tell Daisy, for the sake of her memory of the erring sister, who is now dead. And she cannot bring herself to tell the nobleman, since she regards him as a rascal. Evidently, there is only one thing to do. Mrs. Halton is almost as young and quite as beautiful as the fair Daisy. She determines to steal away Daisy's lover before Daisy actually promises herself to him. The thing is easily done: the gentleman is quite ready to change his objective. As soon as his fickleness is made clear to Daisy, Mrs. Halton's engagement to the other man is announced. Her game has been open, and both Daisy and his lordship demand an explanation—which the fascinating Mrs. Halton is forced to give. They agree that she has done right. Daisy promptly pairs off with her original second choice; milord is content to remain the adoring friend of the no longer Mrs. Halton. For her part, she has come to like and admire him very much: there is a touch of pure Briticism in the toleration with which she looks upon him as a man who has had a mistress, though the thought of his marrying the sister of that deceased mistress is a horror to her.

The Head Coach. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Here Mr. Paine has succeeded in creating a sabbatical atmosphere in a story about football, with its familiar accompaniment of mud, blood, and manly tears. His head coach, Kingsland, is an eminently—we are tempted to say aggressively—righteous person. At Yale, he "got out and showed his college spirit" on every possible occasion. As all college people know, there is no greater praise than this. When, to the surprise of everyone, including the reader, he enters the Divinity School after graduation, his football training enables him handily to thrash ruffians who try to take charge of mission meetings. Then he is called to a backwoods pulpit in Maine, and the team of a nearby college offers a field for his abilities as a coach. Here he has trouble with the students, who have ideas of their own about running the team. Needless to say, the Yale veteran smites the rebels hip and thigh, and creates a winning team out of chaos. He comes from the struggle crowned with such glory and honor that the hearts of his hitherto unfriendly parishioners are completely won over. So is that of the necessary girl, and behold a tale that is told. In reading it, those of us who do not play football must feel a sort of wistful regret that we can lay no claim to the many and marvellous virtues that seem inseparable from the football hero of fiction. But when we look upon him in the flesh, strolling about the campus with his Olympian air, or in later years getting "logy" and creased about the neck—we wonder. And when we read of a professional coach who is also a rising young divine—we wonder still more.

Jacqueline of the Carrier-pigeons. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

This agreeable little story of the siege of Leyden is introduced by William Elliot Griffis, whose intimacy with the Netherlands makes authoritative his testimony to the book's general historic accuracy as well as to its human interest. He calls attention to the reasons that make the topic especially impressive for American readers. We, he says, "cannot know Leyden too well, for no city in Europe so worthily deserves the name of Alma Mater," sheltering as it did the Walloons, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Huguenots; and leading in the movement to recognize America's independence. A boy and girl are the hero and heroine of the story, which gives glimpses of some of the great personages of the time, and pictures the miseries of the siege, the heroism of the defence, and the thrilling conversion of land into ocean that brought the Dutch men-of-war to the rescue. A very excellent little preparatory study it is to the moving story of the Dutch Republic for young readers, and for their elders a sympathetic reminder. The book is admirably printed and prettily decorated with the quaint, fitting drawings of George Wharton Edwards.

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ANCIENT NUBIA AND THE FRONTIERS OF EGYPT.

University of Pennsylvania: Publications of the Egyptian Department of the University Museum. Eckley B. Coxe Junior Expedition to Nubia: Vol. I. Areika, by D. Randall Maciver and C. Leonard Woolley, with a chapter on Meroitic inscriptions, by F. L. Griffith. Oxford: Letterpress and plates, printed by Horace Hart, at the University Press. MCMIX. 56 pp. and 43 plates.

An Egyptian Oasis: An Account of the Oasis of Kharga in the Libyan Desert, with Special Reference to its History, Physical Geography, and Water-supply. By H. J. Llewellyn Beadnell, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Assoc. inst. M.M. Formerly of the Geological Survey of Egypt. With maps and illustrations. $3.50 net. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

As the ancient sites in Egypt are one after another exhausted, and it becomes more and more difficult to secure promising territory for excavations, modern enterprise has pushed out into the region lying on the outskirts of Egypt, or even far beyond its widest limits. We therefore find expeditions now active in Nubia, Ethiopia, and the oases of the Eastern desert. The University of Chicago expedition spent two seasons (1905-07) in endeavoring to recover completely all inscribed monuments of ancient Nubia or the Sudan. Its work, however, was chiefly devoted to monuments still above ground.

The northern end of the Nubian-Nile Valley will be deeply inundated when the Assuan dam has been raised twenty-two feet higher, in accordance with the plans now under way. At high water, Philæ will virtually disappear, and the cemeteries and ancient remains above the beautiful island will be flooded by the waters of a great lake a hundred miles long. Aroused by the outraged public sentiment of Europe, peculiarly sensitive after the loss of beautiful Philæ—for as a thing of beauty it *is* lost—the government has appropriated money for an archæological survey, which for two seasons past has been thoroughly excavating the endangered cemeteries and making exhaustive records of the monuments which would be injured by the flood. These excavations have already yielded most important and interesting results, among which the most notable is the fact that in prehistoric times the population of Northern Nubia was Egyptian and that this Egyptian population was displaced by Nubian (or Bega) immigration from the south. This shift of the Nubians, or possibly Bega, towards the north must have taken place at an extremely early date, for the earliest inscribed records which we possess disclose Northern Nubia to us already in the possession of the southern barbarians, creating a frontier in the fourth millennium before Christ, the dangers of which have only been removed within the last few years. It is, therefore, the oldest frontier in the world of which the history is known to us.

Under these circumstances, it was a wise decision on the part of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to devote their efforts to excavations in Northern Nubia, and their first volume, entitled "Areika," is a report of their work in a region lying at the head or upper end of the great lake to be created by the raised dam. Dr. Maciver, who was in charge of the work, has produced a careful report of a carefully planned and successfully executed campaign. Perhaps the two most important finds which he made are, first, the rough masonry castle of a Nubian chieftain under the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty (1580 to 1350 B. C.), and, secondly, a large number of stone offering tables bearing inscriptions in ancient Meroitic writing. This new material, together with further examination of older documents already known, has enabled the able Oxford Egyptologist, F. L. Griffith, to undertake the decipherment of the still unreadable ancient Meroitic writing.

The Nubian country has furnished us three different systems of writing: first, an ancient hieroglyphic system, the signs of which are largely of Egyptian derivation. This system is the oldest and goes back several centuries before Christ, continuing then into the Christian age. The second is a cursive writing evidently developed by the use of pen and ink, but preserved to us only in specimens on stone. It closely resembles the Egyptian demotic and developed in the early Christian centuries, or at least this is the date of the specimens preserved to us. The third system grew up after the Christianization of Nubia in the sixth century A. D. It is made up of Greek and Coptic letters and was used for the translation of Christian literature into Nubian. All these systems of writing have now disappeared and Arabic is the sole present writing of these Nubian speaking peoples. Some recently discovered portions of the New Testament in the third or Græco-Coptic, system of writing have enabled Professor Schaefer of Berlin to demonstrate that the language for which this system of writing was employed in the early Christian centuries, was the Nubian still spoken on the Nubian Nile. This important fact, together with some other scattered indications, has led Schaefer to the conclusion that the people who wrote the other two earlier systems, the hieroglyphic and the cursive, was also Nubian—that is to say, that the Ethiopians of Meroé, that distant and mysterious kingdom of the South, towards which the Greeks as far back as Homer's day looked with so much curiosity, was a Nubian kingdom. Lepsius had also reached the same conclusion in 1843, while on his great expedition in Nubia; but he later changed his opinion and held that the people who left us the earlier monuments in hieroglyphic and cursive, were Bega—a people now inhabiting the eastern desert between the Nile and the Red Sea.

Attacking this problem with great skill, in a chapter which he has contributed to Dr. Maciver's book, Mr. Griffith shows that the cursive is an alphabetic system of writing, containing twenty-three letters; and that where the identity of the materials will permit, the cursive corresponds, letter for letter, with the hieroglyphic. He has, indeed, established with certainty the hieroglyphic equivalents of ten of the cursive letters. He has as yet not been able to read this cursive writing or to decipher more than a few proper names in the scanty examples of hieroglyphics which survive; but he has reached one conclusion, which, if established, will prove of great importance. The Nubian of the third, or Graeco-Coptic, system of writing, as shown by Schaefer, is inflected solely by means of *terminations*. Mr. Griffith finds indications of the extensive use of *prefixes* in the cursive documents. If such be the case, the language of the cursive is sharply distinguished from the Nubian of the Graeco-Coptic system of writing. The language of the cursive will not have been Nubian, but, as Griffith concludes, Bega. If this conclusion is right, the Ethiopian kingdom of the South in the early Greek days will have been a kingdom of Bega tribes, who, as already stated, still inhabit the eastern desert; while the Nubians of Christian Nubia will have pushed in from inner Africa at a later period.

Mr. Griffith is to be congratulated on his contribution to a highly important subject. On the basis of fuller materials which it is hoped future excavations may furnish, we may confidently expect that he will accomplish the decipherment of this long-lost language. The other finds of the Pennsylvania Expedition, while not of great artistic interest or importance, are nevertheless valuable and have found their way chiefly into the museum of the University.

Mr. Beadnell's volume on "The Oasis of Kharga" is the work of a trained field observer and geologist, and furnishes a very interesting account of the largest of the Egyptian oases. His description of the geological conformation of the country, of the ancient wells, and the methods of boring new ones at present employed, as well as his account of the resources of these strange depressions in the desert, should make the volume the standard account of a Sahara oasis. In his discussion of the his-

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tory of this and the other Egyptian oases he has been unfortunate in the choice of his secondary sources, as the oases are far older in the history of Egypt than one would conclude from the reading of his book. The volume is excellently illustrated and accompanied by useful maps.

English Literature in Account with Religion. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The Religion of H. G. Wells and Other Essays. By Alexander H. Craufurd. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

No great while ago the eyes of lay readers would have turned, after one incurious glance, drearily away from the titles above; every one would have known exactly what dejecting banality to expect. Meantime, we have been suffering a sea-change. The spiritual welkin, long befogged and breathless, now quivers with uncertainties, faint flushes of promise, new hope of adventure—the wind of thought finding its wings once more. The literary, the philosophical, and the religious are cautiously plucking up heart together. Something important seems about to occur—perhaps has occurred already. Neither Mr. Chapman nor Mr. Craufurd knows precisely what it is; but both are conscious of a novel and significant breath stirring the face of the waters. For this reason their books have a symptomatic and barometric interest independent of their considerable literary virtues.

It has been common to speak of the nineteenth century as the era in which the warfare of science and theology terminated in religious and philosophical despair. But as we draw farther away from it, see more clearly its links with the past, see it linking itself quietly enough with the future, we begin to regard it, like every other age since the world began, as merely an "epoch of transition"—not hopelessly ultimate, after all. We begin to look upon its desperate and apparently sanguinary conflicts as the perennial contentions over form and vesture, in which there is much rending of garments but little loss of life. Thus Mr. Chapman, after examining the literature of this skeptical age, is profoundly impressed with its debt to religion and religion's debt to it. He admits great carnage among the shadows of faith, but he is resolute that the substance has got off unscathed.

In order to make good this position, he looses the irrational knots of church vesture and entirely unclothes religion of theological dogma. His preliminary attempt at defining the residual substance is broad, and his subsequent applications make the limits of his meaning still broader. Religion is that "faith or experience" which suffices "to make life coherent and harmonious"; it is the sense of obligation and responsibility; it is the sense of wonder, pity, tenderness, awe, sacrifice, and consecration. All these things are within the meaning of religion, and are under the special covert of its wings. They are present, too, in all great literature as indispensable elements in its greatness. They were incorporated in the various substitutes proposed in the last century for outworn Christianity. They were left unmolested even by the utilitarians and the militant men of science, who declared war on what they regarded as the misleading poetical fictions of the Bible. They must continue to be present in life and literature, or the coil and tumult of existence will be reduced to the proportions and significance of Carlyle's vase of Egyptian vipers. They are real because they persist; they persist because they are indispensable.

These things substantially Mr. Craufurd finds in the writings of H. G. Wells; on the strength of them he speaks of the "religion of H. G. Wells" with the greatest respect. A clergyman issuing from Oriel College, he declares that Christian thinkers who would minister to the wants of this inquiring age "must do so by addressing themselves chiefly to the vivid thoughts and feelings of detached, unsystematic, and more or less representative minds, rather than to the dry-as-dust professors of an antiquated learning that has well-nigh lost all true vitality." Accordingly, he goes a long way with the writer he criticises. He agrees with Mr. Wells that we should form our beliefs to suit our needs, and make our religion answer to the highest aspirations of humanity. But he finds Mr. Wells's understanding of the aspirations of humanity defective; he finds his distaste for the character of Christ, his ignoring of God and immortality, sure indications of his failure to perceive some of the most fundamental human needs. "If God and a future life do not exist," urges Mr. Craufurd, "we must, it would seem, invent them, if we seek to evoke from humanity its noblest and most persistent efforts." This is also the position of Mr. Chapman.

The point of interest in both these books is the ground on which their authors hold to Christian orthodoxy. Like G. K. Chesterton, they are orthodox with a difference—in an untraditional and exhilarating fashion. Like him they have rejuvenated their understandings in the waters of philosophical Pragmatism. Mr. Craufurd's book is suggestively studded with references to Theodore Parker, Emerson, Whitman, John Fiske, and William James. Commenting on Wordsworth's famous

> Something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns—

Mr. Chapman says: "I would not dogmatize here. If any reader prefer to say that there only seems to be something, I am content for the moment to have it so; simply remarking that the *seeming* is one of the vital facts of life." (Quoth Touchstone, "the truest poetry is the most feigning.") The return to orthodoxy represented by these writers is like the return to Elizabethan literature on the part of the romanticists. They feel that the various rationalistic isms of the nineteenth century—Positivism, for example—is to Christianity as the poetry of Pope is to the poetry of Shakespeare. They reject Positivism, as Wordsworth and Coleridge rejected Pope, not because it isn't sound so far as it goes, but because it is hopelessly inadequate to represent the height and depth of man's desire—the "vital facts of life." They try God and immortality as hypotheses, and they stand the test prescribed by the scientific age; they *work*—they fit the facts. Such is the hope of the new orthodoxy.

Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900 (III, 1600-1660: première partie). Par Ferdinand Brunot. Paris: Armand Colin.

The publication of the extensive work of Ferdinand Brunot on the history of the French language, which is the subject matter of his professorship in the University of Paris, advances a material step further. The first volume (548 pages; 15 francs) reached from the Latin epoch to the Renaissance; the second (510 pages; 15 francs) dealt with the sixteenth century; the third, when completed, will give the formation of the classic language from 1600 to 1660, and of this volume the first part is now published separately (456 pages; 12.50 francs). It is divided into three books, of which the first is eminently readable by anybody interested in French history and literature; and one need not be a special student to find savory mental food in the remaining and more technical pages.

Paris literary opinion received a shock at the opening of the seventeenth century when the newcomer Malherbe began his reforms, weeding out the vocabulary and reducing the language to rule. His typical adversary was that erudite and entertaining old maid, Mademoiselle de Gournay, *fille d'alliance* of Montaigne and editor of his works. Even she had to yield to her printers so far as to change in his sacred text "a few words of no consequence, such as adverbs and articles which seem to them somewhat crabbed for the taste of certain over-nice persons of this century." Malherbe's influence and the number of his influential followers grew apace. A fury for grammar raged in the *salons*. Voiture wrote to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet on the suppression of the conjunction *car*,

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which Gomberville had achieved in his romance, "Polexandre." A *recommandaresse* of wet nurses complained that, in good houses, they now ask if the nurse speaks French well, "which she cannot guarantee, but only that which belongs to her state, that she has good milk, is and shall always be, please God, of good life, and shall die without reproach—with which the *monsieux* do not content themselves."

The discussion of the good use of the day introduces us to the *pédant* language; to that of the Palais or lawyers of the Parlement, whom Jodelle describes as "speaking of war in *pur jargon*"; to city and to court use. It was the latter which was bound to prevail and make of French that "classic" language whose formation is the subject of this volume. The foundation of the Academy, closely followed by its project of a dictionary; the opposition led by La Mothe Le Vayer; the carrying on of Malherbe's good work by Vaugelas and more opposition; preciosity, which was not new, but was always creating new words and phrases; and the burlesque, which is all the more instructive as it is the negation of all rule, make up these generally interesting pages.

The second book, "le Lexique," uses to great advantage the curious foreign-language dictionaries of the day—French-Latin, French-Flemish, French-Spanish, French-Italian, French-German, and French-English (eight of the latter from 1611 to 1673). In succession the author takes up words already old; improper and *réaliste* words (*poitrine* fell under the reprobation which "leg" later incurred in New England); low, dialect, and trade words; neologisms; *travail sémantique;* and various expressions and figures. This book has a valuable bibliographical appendix on the dictionaries published during the period, giving the libraries in which the author has found them.

The third book gives a very complete morphology of the parts of speech at the time. A lexicological index, in the alphabetical order of words, occupies fourteen pages; and thirty-six pages of "abbreviations" of editions from which examples are cited have the interest of a bibliography.

Report of the Work of the Commission Sent Out by the Jewish Territorial Organization to Examine the Territory Proposed for the Purpose of a Jewish Settlement in Cyrenaica. By J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., F.R.S., etc. London: Ito Offices.

The object of the Ito, or Jewish Territorial Organization, of which Israel Zangwill is president, is to procure a territory upon an autonomous basis for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the land in which they at present live. The project of colonizing the Cyrenaica was determined partly by its geographical position, highly convenient for persecuted Jews emigrating from Russia and Rumania, partly by the fact that the region wears the Turkish suzerainty so lightly that practical autonomy might be hoped for, though the word could not be used. Moreover, the Cyrenaica approaches Palestine as a sentimental goal, since it was once a home of Judaism, "the land that is in league" of Ezekiel. On the eastern frontier Egypt would be useful as a civilized neighbor, and the Turks to the west were not unwilling that a country that they have had to abandon to the Arabs should be regenerated at the expense of others. It was therefore with the countenance of the Turkish Government, and with high hopes based on the glowing accounts of the Cyrenaica in classical literature, that the Ito Expedition set out in July, 1908. It consisted of an engineer who was to survey and to report on the water supply (a question naturally uppermost when you are about to colonize a desert), a medical man to consider the probability of epidemics, an expert on agriculture, and Dr. Gregory, the professor of geology at the University of Glasgow. Never has a project so visionary been safeguarded with precautions so scientific. Few people realize how great a rôle Cyrene and her distinguished sons played in the past before she became Jewish, lost her prestige, and disappeared from history. Even Mr. Zangwill's Report, concerned as it is with her Jewish traditions, ignores nearly all the associations that spring to the mind of the Greek scholar. Tennyson himself was not quite clear about Cyrene's position on the map when he set the Garden of the Hesperides on

> a slope
> That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,

—unless, indeed, he intended to break with the prevailing tradition of the locality of the famous apple tree with its golden fruit. It is, of course, the Mediterranean that is the great commercial high-road waiting to be exploited once again by Cyrene as in the days when the Cilician pirates called these waters "the golden sea" because they could always waylay a rich cargo from the Cyrenaica. In Pindar's day it would be a cargo of silphium, a plant now apparently extinct (it is ignored in the Report), which the merchant kings of Cyrene fostered as a royal monopoly, like Congo rubber to-day. Besides this plant, which was used as a drug and for cooking and was sent in shiploads to Capua, as we see from the "Rudens" of Plautus, Cyrene exported pottery and chairs. But it was her splendid horses and chariots that made her the envy of Greece at the great games, and the swan-song of that dynasty of traders, the Battiads, was sung by Pindar in the Fourth and Fifth Pythian Odes.

> Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die,

says Tennyson, but we are now told that the climate of Cyrene has not changed, that the population can never have been more than fifteen to twenty thousand, and the inspiring legend that the Jews in that district once rose and massacred 220,000 Greek and Roman inhabitants must be discarded. The fact is that the rainfall is and always was quite insufficient. At the best, Cyrene could have had only a gallon a head per day for a population of fifteen thousand, and that allows none for those horses that were the envy of Greece. It seems likely, too, that wild animals were as scarce then as now. One of Cyrene's most agreeable legends is of the lion who met the first founder, Battus, when he landed, and fled into the Libyan wilderness in terror of the hero's stammering tongue. But there were no lions to be dismayed by the accents of the Ito Expedition. "A dead jackal and a living hare were the only wild animals"; but we are told that rats and mice "are said to be found in the country. . . . Donkeys are neglected. As a consequence they are small and dispirited. . . . Crickets and locusts, fleas and flies are numerous." The first Greek colonists brought no women, and the Ito explorers recommend that, if the colonizing scheme should be attempted, only a few men should be imported at first, and those "encumbered as little as possible with women and children."

But the Cyrenaica will not be colonized by Jews; Cyrene will remain a derelict, and all the gold of the Rothschilds will not people those Libyan wastes. There are two practical difficulties recognized by the Expedition, either of which would have been enough to blight their hopes. The Arabs are unfriendly, well-armed with modern rifles, and evidently prepared to resent any intrusion. If that were not so, Cyrene would long ago have been a centre of archæological excavation. But still more fatal to the prospects of that agricultural life desired by the Ito for their immigrants, is the scarcity of water. What the Arabs would obviously shed their blood to defend from invaders is not their hearths and homes, for they are Nomads, but their entirely inadequate wells. "The absence of impermeable rock layers in the Cyrenaica explains the paucity of its surface waters, and renders practically impossible the construction of storage reservoirs large enough for irrigation. The excessive porosity of the rocks also forbids reliance on wells." The dry bones of Cyrene cannot live again.

There is, however, another obstacle to any such project of an agricultural community for the Russian and Rumanian

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Jew, though it is one that Mr. Zangwill does not choose to face. The life that he had planned for the North African colony involved incessant and virtually unremunerative toil. The colonists would need to have the outdoor tastes, the hardiness, the thrift, the self-denial of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Zangwill seems to forget the existence of the United States and the total lack, as far as we are aware, of any enthusiasm on the part of the Eastern Jewish immigrant for the simple life of agriculture, even under the most favorable conditions. The results of immigration to the United States have shown clearly that an oppressed agricultural population fleeing from Europe will always cling to the crowded life of large cities, and that these are the last persons whom you can persuade to make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mr. Zangwill, in his Introduction to Dr. Gregory's Report, declines to accept as necessarily final all the damaging evidence of the experts of the Expedition. He still believes that the Cyrenaica, with its Hinterland, combines a greater number of qualifications for an Itoland, as defined by the Russian Council of the Ito in 1907, than any country of the Old World. But the Report brought disillusion to the Council as a whole, and the costly experiments in buildings, roads, railways, and a harbor suggested by the experts are indefinitely postponed. The Report contains much that is of interest to classical scholars and archæologists, and is well illustrated by photographs.

The Great Pacific Coast. By C. Reginald Enock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

The author of this volume, who is an F.R.G.S., is an astonishingly persistent traveller, even for an Englishman. A score of times, he tells us, perhaps oftener than any other European, he has stood on the white mountainous heights of Peru, and has lived in large towns where the people pursue their daily occupation at an elevation greater than that of the summit of any of the Ca'ifornian or Oregonian snow queens, or of Mont Blanc. He has written books on the Andes and the Amazon, on Peru, Mexico, and other countries. His latest volume covers twelve thousand miles of territory from Chili to Panama and California, thence through Oregon and Washington to British Columbia and Alaska. He writes chiefly to entertain the reader, incidentally also to tell him many things about the regions traversed, and to dwell briefly on personal adventures, some trivial, others serious. Among the latter were two hairbreadth escapes; one in Mexico, where a peon guide took him on horseback up a mountain so steep in one place that only by urging the horse to utmost speed could it be kept from overbalancing—the guide's excuse being: "I came up here when a boy, on muleback, but the road has fallen away since then"; another time, in Arizona, when he had to hang on to a rickety viaduct while a freight train passed over him.

Mr. Enock comments on the difference between the black people who live under British and those who are under American rule; on the courtesy of the Mexican as contrasted with the American, who is often aggressively uncivil, merely to assert his equality, not because of inherent disagreeableness. He offers much good advice to the English on the subject of emigration to Canada. He wonders what sort of adults the American children will make who are brought up on the colored supplements of our Sunday papers. Such moralizings, however, are incidental; the bulk of the author's remarks relates to things seen by him and likely to be seen by those tempted by his descriptions to follow in his footsteps.

Notes.

Justin McCarthy, whose "History of Our Own Times" covers the reign of Queen Victoria, is now preparing to add to that work an eighth volume, which will deal with the events of the reign of King Edward VII.

G. R. Agassiz, who is preparing a life of his father, Alexander Agassiz, requests that letters bearing on the subject may be sent to him at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass. If so desired the letters will be copied, and the originals returned to the owner as soon as possible. Those who are unwilling to part with the originals will confer a favor by having copies made at the expense of Mr. G. R. Agassiz, and sending these copies to him at their convenience.

Elizabeth Wager-Smith, who has already written several manuals of the great German card game, now offers "Skat: Principles and Illustrative Games" (Lippincott). The book opens with an instructive and entertaining chapter on the Origin and Characteristics of the Game.

The Yale University Press has issued in a slender little volume Prof. Henry A. Beers's address before the Modern Language Club of Yale, on "Milton's Tercentenary." The essay deals more with Milton's relation to the spirit of the times than with his art. It is worth preserving.

It will be sufficient barely to announce the appearance of four more volumes (VII to X) of Scribner's Memorial Edition of George Meredith. The novels now added are "Vittoria" and "Harry Richmond." Of the typographical excellence of this edition we have already spoken.

We welcome "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1910 (London: The Scientific Press), and congratulate the editor, Sir Henry Burdett, who, as he observes in the preface, has borne the burden and responsibility of the compilation for twenty-one years. The present issue contains two new chapters, one on orphanages, the other on state aid to hospitals in the United States and Canada. The price, which has hitherto been below the cost of production, is this year raised to 10s. 6d., "which still leaves it, having regard to its size and the character of the information it contains, one of the cheapest books of reference issued from the press."

We have already had occasion to note the "Complete Edition of Friedrich Nietzsche," translated by various hands and edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Hitherto the volumes have come to us from the London publisher, T. N. Foulis. The handling of the books in this country has now been taken over by the Macmillan Co., from whom we have received the following six volumes: "Human, All Too-Human." "On the Future of Our Educational Institutions," "The Will to Power," "The Birth of Tragedy," "Thoughts Out of Season, Parts i and ii." Two more volumes, viz., "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and "Beyond Good and Evil," which have appeared in the London edition, we have not seen with the American imprint. The works, when complete, will extend to eighteen volumes.

Five letters of John Hay, written when he was about twenty years of age, are printed in the small volume, "The Poet in Exile" (Houghton Mifflin), so called because he was then in the unwelcome surroundings of Warsaw, Ill., after leaving the more congenial literary atmosphere of Brown University and the coterie which grouped itself about Mrs. Whitman in Providence. Dreams of the life of a poet, instead of dreams of state, filled the mind of the future author of the Pike County ballads, and he looked with distaste upon the lawyer's career, which his father had chosen for him. He writes:

> In spite of the praise which you continually lavish upon the West, I must respectfully assert that I find only a dreary waste of heartless materialism, where great and heroic qualities may indeed bully their way up into the glare, but the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither. So in time I shall change. I shall turn from "the rose and the rainbow" to corner lots and tax titles, and a few years will find my eye not rolling in a fine frenzy, but steadily fixed on the polestar of humanity.—$.

The letters were written to Miss Nora Perry, and are edited by Caroline Ticknor.

There must be a great many people who have been speaking Irish all their lives, without knowing it. "When our Irish forefathers began to adopt English," says P. W. Joyce, in his "English as We Speak It in Ireland" (Longmans), "they brought with them from their native language many single Irish words, and used them among their newly acquired English words." And not only Irish words, but Irish idioms and phrases have taken part in the invasion and become thoroughly naturalized. It will be a surprise to most people that the method of "assertion by negative of opposite" is Irish; that it is Irish to say, "A glass of whiskey will do us no harm," when we mean that it will do us good. It is Irish to say of an elderly maiden that she is no chicken, or to speak of its being no joke to be caught in a heavy shower without an umbrella. Yet Mr. Joyce has his authorities pat. He quotes from the old Irish tales, "The enemy slew a large company of our army, and that was no great help to us"; and the poet who has been

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grossly insulted "rose on the morrow, and he was not thankful." So, too, we learn that it is Irish to give emphasis to a statement by adding the words "and no mistake." From the same source comes "I'll engage" you did this or that, in the sense of "I wager" you did; "I'll go bail"; "aye, is it"; and the repetitions "so he did," "so I do," "so it is": as in "he hit me with a stick, so he did, and it is a great shame, so it is." More suggestive of their origin are phrases like "I believe you," and "what would ail me not to?" But it is unquestionably a surprise to find a Celtic heredity claimed for such apparently universal expressions of ready assent as "I don't mind if I do," or "Would a duck swim?" A very common exclamation in Ulster, we are told, is "No, but did you?" and it is a common Irish phrase, *ná bi leagal ort* that has given us our "never fear." On the contrary, there would be danger of misunderstanding if, outside of Ireland, a visitor coming in and finding the family at dinner, should say, "Much good may it do you." Mr. Joyce admits that in Ireland the people are "rather prone to exaggeration." Hence, a chapter on Exaggeration and Redundancy. It is common to say of a person with a persuasive tongue that he "would coax the birds off the bushes." It is Irish to say "I'd give my eyes," "I'll follow you to the world's end," to let grass grow under one's feet, to be frightened out of a year's growth, to swallow a dictionary, to jump out of one's skin, to have the road fly under one, or to be so rich as to be rotten with money. What would be left to English verbal picturesqueness if the Irish were taken out, we fear to think. Until that time, however, we may quote the Irish way of describing a man who is very short and very fat: "If you met him on the street, you'd rather jump over him than walk round him."

A timely reprint of the appreciation of Björnstjerne Björnson, by William Morton Payne, which originally appeared in the *International Quarterly*, is now made by A. C. McClurg & Co. It contains additions in the way of translation, anecdote, and consideration of the poet's later works. Of Björnson in his home—after speaking of him as the orator and teacher—Mr. Payne says:

> In his more intimate relationships, on the other hand, in face-to-face conversation or in the home circle, the man takes on a quite different aspect; the prophet has become the friend, the impassioned preacher has become the genial story-teller, and shares the gladsome or mirthful mood of the hour. Such a personality as this may be analyzed: it defies any concise synthesis. One resorts to figures of speech.

To review Ralph Nevill's "Light Come, Light Go" (Macmillan) would be to make a selection from the great mass of information and anecdotes regarding gambling and betting in all its forms, brought together in one book. We could, on a pinch, add a story here and there from our own reading, but the addition would be of no significance. England and France furnish the bulk of the material, and the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth offer the most startling anecdotes, although there is nothing in the book more interesting than the careful study of present-day gambling at Monte Carlo and the analysis of the various futile schemes to assure winning. Mr. Nevill mentions a dice game of creps or craps common in the old days of the Palais Royal and still played in Alaska, sometimes on the very boards brought to California by French emigrants in the forties. He seems not to have heard of the modification of the game played in our cities.

Sophie Shilleto Smith has no new information to bring in her life of "Dean Swift" (Putnam), and her manner of relating the known events is not more than moderately entertaining. The great crux of Swift's life and character, the question of his marriage to Stella, she waives with a "What does it matter?"—and this in a long chapter which undertakes to set the Dean before the world as a Don Quixote and flower of chivalrous devotion to the ladies. But if our author has no new facts, she has abundant new interpretation of them. Swift was "an idealist"; as for his ambition, he merely "stood on a pinnacle and demanded a reward to crown the citadel"; he was in advance of his age in his attitude toward women; he allowed no coarseness before them; he was without reproach in the tragedy of Vanessa; he writes the "Tale of a Tub" in a spirit of "genuine optimism"; "Shelley and Swift [was there ever a more incongruous junction of names?] are, perhaps, the two best examples of the altruist entirely misunderstood"; he had the childlike imagination described by Francis Thompson:

> Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear. . . .

In all the ignorance and perversions of recent biography it would be difficult to find anything more grotesque than this assimilation of the spirit of Swift with that of Shelley and Francis Thompson. As sensible lives of Swift are already in existence, we can see no excuse for the writing or the reading of such nonsense. We observe that there is no mention of Craik's Life in the strange bibliography appended to the present work.

The historical contrast between the Ionian and the Dorian spirit is familiar to all readers of Thucydides, Curtius, Arnold, Pater, Wilamowitz, and Eduard Meyer. But as a term of ethnical origins Ionian is still as problematical a word as Pelasgic. Were there proto-Ionians in Asia Minor before the Ionian colonization? Were the Ionians the original dough or the later leaven of the population of Attica? Were they the survivors and inheritors of Mycenæan or Ægean culture, or like the Achæans and the Dorians iron-using invaders from the regions of the Danube? Did the Ionians make the Ionian migration, or did the migration make them, and is Ionian merely a name for mixed tribes of colonists driven out from European Greece by the pressure from the North? David G. Hogarth's six lectures on "Ionia and the East" (Frowde) are the latest contribution to this elusive discussion. He does not claim to have propounded many novel conclusions, but merely to have collected new evidence that tends to define and clear up the truth of old theories. The elements which went to the making of the Ionians are those of all the Hellenes: "A mass of the old Ægean stock, which had long been participant in the prehistoric civilization of the Ægean Bronze Age, came to be leavened by the infusion of northern blood drawn from the area of mid-European culture." The Ægean element was relatively preponderant in the tribes that came to occupy the part of Asia Minor afterwards known as Ionia. But the territory in which they settled had not itself been a seat of Ægean culture. It had been closed to the Ægean civilization by the domination, first of a Hittite, and then perhaps of a Phrygian inland power. The weakening of this power by Assyrian pressure threw the coast open for settlement, and left free play for the first expansion of historic Hellenic civilization known as Ionian.

By these hypotheses, Mr. Hogarth thinks he can account for the sudden outburst of this civilization—inexplicable if the Ionians were merely rude northern tribes—and for the traces of Oriental influence in the art of Ionia. The chief mediators with the Orient were the Hittites and the Phrygians, and probably not the Phœnicians, whose rôle has been greatly exaggerated. For confirmation of these views, Mr. Hogarth appeals to the treasure of the earliest Artemision discovered by him at Ephesus in 1904. These specimens of early Ionian art, dating perhaps from the eighth century B. C., he finds closely analogous to the "sub-Ægean" art of the Enkomi treasure found in Salamis on Cyprus, which he would date at the very end of the Bronze Age. The traces of Oriental influence in both are to be explained in the same way. Mr. Hogarth recognizes the uncertainty of all conjectures of this kind, and is not inclined to dogmatize. It would perhaps be expecting too much to ask that Mycenologists and Minoans should refrain from speculation altogether and confine themselves to the bare statement of the Greek tradition and the facts of archæological discovery in these prehistoric matters. But it would release an immense amount of the Hellenist's time for more profitable reading.

A valuable source for the study of political and constitutional history has been made available by the publication, by authority of the State of New York, of the "Messages from the Governors" (Albany: J. B. Lyon Company, State Printers). There are in all eleven volumes covering the period from the meeting of the first representative Assembly of Colonial New York in 1683 to the beginning of Gov. Hughes's first Administration in January, 1907. Ten volumes are taken up with the text of messages and accompanying State papers. The eleventh volume, perhaps the most valuable of all, is a comprehensive index of the whole with valuable tabulations of law cases cited and constitutional references. It is so rare to find works of this sort carefully and fully indexed that it is a relief to discover with this compilation a key of such utility. The work of editing has been competently done by Charles Z. Lincoln, whose experience for his difficult task comprised service as counsel for Govs. Morton, Black, and Roosevelt. He has provided historical introductions for each volume, and in the earlier period has found

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it necessary and useful to piece out the sometimes meagre records by extracts from other contemporaneous records, all of which work seems to have been done with a keen regard for historical accuracy. Throughout the volumes there are frequent footnotes, not only explaining the text but providing careful citations to cases and decisions mentioned, and a systematic analysis of constitutional questions and legal development as they arose. This makes the work of considerable value for students of the development of legislative and constitutional problems, whereas without it a searcher would have to grope largely in the dark. The books are printed in clear type on good paper and are well bound.

For Samuel G. Camp's "Fishing Kits and Equipment" (Outing Publishing Company) there should hardly seem to be a need, since, though the chapters were well enough as contributions to a sporting magazine, they are not sufficiently important for a book, and contain nothing that is not already to be had in more valuable volumes. The illustrations are not wisely chosen. For example, there are no helping diagrams for such processes as the tying of leaders, while a large half-tone shows four rods which vary in price from $5 to $30, but which, in the picture, appear identical. The English is slipshod. Not to speak of split infinitives and such minor weaknesses, the book is full of sentences like the following: "But the American angler who follows the above plan is a very rare bird, however numerous they [*sic*] may be in Merry England"; "The cheap fly is a snare and a delusion to the angler only."

"Old Hallowell on the Kennebec," by Emma Huntington Nason, published by the author at Augusta, Me., is notable among town histories, both for its execution and for the inherent interest of the subject. This pleasant town, opposite Augusta, was successively an Abenaki village, which was first Christianized by the Jesuits, and later acquired as a trading post by the Plymouth Colony. The foundation of the town goes back to 1771, its incorporation as a city, with which the story ends, dates from 1852. People of substance and education were among the early settlers. We find such names as Dummer, Sheppard, Merrick. The Vaughan family still occupy the house built for Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, M.P., just before the close of the eighteenth century. A man of wealth, he treated only poor patients, and free of charge; he had aided Franklin substantially in the peace settlement; his library of 10,000 volumes was put at the disposal of borrowing neighbors, in a small way he was an author. Cardinal Manning was the nephew of Dr. Vaughan's wife. It was people of this stamp that gave the community its flavor. It has supplied two Governors to the State. Among its literary citizens are Jacob Abbott of the Rollo books, and his brilliant son, Lyman Abbott; Prof. C. F. Richardson, the historian of American literature; Rev. J. H. Ingraham, a most prolific novelist of the sensational order, and his son, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who, beginning as a Confederate officer, was a soldier of fortune under many flags, and wrote innumerable novels of a lurid cast. Such are a few of the claims of old Hallowell upon the reader's attention. Talleyrand visited it. William Hazlitt, the elder, preached there on trial, but his Unitarianism was too radical for the congregation. Charles Bulfinch designed the belfry of the oldest church. In short, the chronicle is variously interesting. It gains from the numerous illustrations based on early portraits or scenic photographs.

If the title "Britain at Bay" (Putnam) were not enough to make the stolid Englishman sit up, the fact that it is written by Spenser Wilkinson should cause disquietude from John of Groats to Land's End. With the peculiar solemnity and emphasis that distinguish this writer's ante-mortem surveys of his fatherland, Britain is warned that Germany looms large across the channel, controls the politics of the Continent, and might, at a pinch, force united Europe to attack England. "In that case"—a favorite phrase—England's vaunted supremacy on the sea, even if maintained, would not help much. You can't force enemies to make peace with you, even after the destruction of their sea power, unless you can get after them with horse, foot, and marines. The foe may not be able to attack you, but their distressing sentiments of hostility may be indefinitely continued. The only real safeguard against Germany is for England to have an army that can be sent over seas and make her, in contingencies, an aggressive ally on land. The way to get such an army is compulsory military service for a year—two for the mounted service. This can be done cheaper than the present army, the effective of which would be quadrupled. As for the inconvenience of serving a year, that is a patriotic duty, and once right principles were instilled, every Briton would be delighted to become a Tommy Atkins, with pocket money "not to exceed fourpence" daily. With such an army, invaders could be repelled, and, at need, a Continental ally substantially reinforced. We should hardly notice this ponderously harmful tract were it not that the English, and on occasion ourselves, take a melancholy delight in mumbling the tidbit of national peril. That would be an innocent recreation except that it has to be paid for heavily in guns, ships, and costly martial overprovision of all sorts. To make his bugbear horrific, Mr. Wilkinson piles up gratuitous suppositions indefinitely. He fails to see that with or without British troops France and Italy have the strongest motive, that of self-preservation, to oppose Germany. The idea of either being forced into an anti-British coalition is preposterous. Moreover, there is no reason to represent Germany, in which International Socialism is steadily gaining, as potentially an enemy of the human race. As for Mr. Wilkinson's paper army, it is by no means certain that an effective force can be obtained on a basis of a single year's service, especially if, as it is suggested, recruits who wish may live at home. But in a book of this sort one wide assumption more or less really doesn't matter.

From his "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" Prof. J. E. Spingarn has reprinted "Sir William Temple's Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning and on Poetry" (Frowde), in a separate small volume. The study of Temple's style (he was, according to Dr. Johnson, "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose") would be serviceable in our schools to correct the modern tendency toward an unbalanced impulsiveness.

To the Albion series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English poetry, Frederick Tupper now adds in monumental edition "The Riddles of the Exeter Book" (Ginn). In a prefatory essay of some hundred pages he discusses the principles of comparative riddle-study, the sources and analogues of the Exeter Book Riddles, authorship, poem, manuscripts, etc. The sixty-seven pages of text are illuminated by 223 pages, including notes and glossary. If Professor Tupper has not brought his subject into broad daylight, he has at least made darkness visible. The result of years of research in the most recondite territory, this volume is an admirably organized mine opened in the field of enigmatography.

The Oxford French Series (Frowde) contributes four volumes handsomely printed, and well equipped with introductions and notes. Two are works of George Sand, "François le Champi," edited by Alfred Mercier, and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," edited by Stéphane Barlet. The other two are the entertaining "La Société française au XVIIe siècle," by Victor Cousin, issued by Leon Delbos, and Lamartine's "Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point," edited by W. Robertson. It is doubtful whether any of these books will make much appeal to American colleges, even the editions of George Sand, since "La Petite Fadette" and "La Mare au Diable" have long preëmpted the ground.

E. B. Iwan-Müller, journalist and author, died in London last week, aged fifty-seven years. He was engaged at different times upon the staffs of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Manchester *Courier*, and from 1896 until his death, as an editorial writer on the *Daily Telegraph*. He was editor of the Oxford collection of "Shotover Papers," and author of "Lord Milner and South Africa," and "Ireland To-day and To-morrow."

Science.

"A Manual of Practical Farming," by John McLennan (Macmillan), belongs to the group of general works of which we now have so many. Its treatment is not deeply scientific; and this is both an advantage and a detriment. One would like, for instance, to have more attention to general principles, connecting classes of phenomena. There is in the book some undue compression: the chapter on ploughing contains no more than the average poor farmer is content to know, and barely begins to answer the numerous questions of the beginner. The treatment of the important subject of barnyard manures is most cursory. One is amused to find the recommendation not to spray plants when in blossom appended to the directions for spraying the potato, which, of all plants, needs such caution least, as its crop in no way depends on its flower. On the other hand, apart from these defects, the book has the advantage of being not unduly technical; it is generally direct and sensible, and gives much practical advice. Characteristic of this better side are the remarks on feeding the horse, and the care of the farm orchard as distinguished from the commercial.

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Modern interest in children's gardens, chiefly in cities, has produced a flood of books, of which two of the most interesting are "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta Margaret Higgins (Houghton Mifflin) and "Children's Gardens for Pleasure, Health, and Education," by Henry G. Parsons (Sturgis & Walton). Although the correspondence is accidental, these books are complementary. The first is addressed to the child itself, and, in fifteen chapters, sometimes plain and practical, sometimes idealizing and stimulating, appeals to the two sides of child nature. Put directly into the hands of any child of ten or more, it should fulfil its mission. An excellent chapter treats of a subject usually neglected, indoor winter gardening. Mr. Parsons's book, on the other hand, is addressed to the teacher. Like the first, it is the outcome of much experience, for Mr. Parsons has had the practical direction of the movement for children's gardens in New York, started by his mother. He confines himself to the work which he has done, but its general course and his remarks upon it are of great interest. One is tempted to quote from this book passages on the relationship between gardening and citizenship. The civic instruction which the author draws from the making of a garden path and the seven lessons in the "pedagogy of the spade" are not merely novel, but significant. To one engaged in the work of children's gardening, even to a parent instructing his child, this little book will give assistance; to one inclined to doubt modern progress it will bring courage and hope.

"Explorations in Bolivia," by Major P. H. Fawcett, is the article of greatest general interest in the *Geographical Journal* for May. It is an account of his work in the delimitation of the eastern frontier at the request of the Bolivian Government, together with much valuable information about the whole country. In respect to its natural resources, he says it is a commercial Eldorado of the future, not simply from the undeveloped mineral wealth, but from the extensive pasture lands, the hard wood forests, and the vast areas of rubber trees. As to the future exploitation of the rubber, he is doubtful, because of the hostility of the savages to the white man. This he attributes to revenge for their treatment in the last century, when they were "sacrificed to rubber." Though the terrible methods of collecting have ceased, a perpetual war of reprisals is waged to-day. Among the tribes are dwarfs, "usually cannibals" who are hostile to everybody outside their own tribe. In the discussion of the paper when read to the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Martin Conway said that Bolivia was the most remarkable country in the world, because it contained regions of almost every kind from mountains covered with great glaciers and perpetual snow to tropical forests. There is also utter desert with expanses of white salts spread over vast areas, so that it "resembles a portion of the surface of the moon." Six illustrations and a map accompany the article.

"The Spirit of the West," in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April, is a résumé of the work of the Reclamation Service by its statistician, C. J. Blanchard. The vivid impression made by it is that never before in the history of the world have great desert regions been transformed in so short a time as three or four years into cultivated fields thickly inhabited. This is true of a large tract in Idaho, which in 1905 exhibited no sign of human life, but now is a garden rich and productive with pleasant homes on each 40 and 80 acres, while four prosperous towns, soon to become cities, have sprung up along the new railway. The strange sights of Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and its wonderful art treasures are pleasantly described by Eliza R. Scidmore. Both articles are fully illustrated.

George Frederick Barker, professor emeritus of physics at the University of Pennsylvania, died in Philadelphia last week, aged seventy years. He was graduated from Sheffield Scientific School at Yale in 1858, and after holding chairs in several colleges was called to Pennsylvania in 1873. Professor Barker was the first to exhibit radium in this country. He served as United States commissioner to the Paris Electrical Exhibition in 1881, and as delegate or commissioner to several other electrical exhibitions and congresses.

Professor Robert Koch, the celebrated bacteriologist and discoverer of the germ of tuberculosis, died at Baden-Baden on Friday, aged sixty-seven years. Dr. Koch's medical education was received at Göttingen, and, after several years of private practice, he was made director of the Cholera Commission to India and Egypt. In 1884 he discovered the cholera spirillum, regarded as the positive test for Asiatic cholera. He also traced the germs of the then incurable sleeping sickness to the tsetse fly, and prepared an antitoxin. It was in 1882 that he discovered the germ of tuberculosis; in 1890 the world was startled by the announcement that Dr. Koch had discovered a lymph which would cure the disease. Thousands flocked to Berlin, drawn by the sensational reports, which, however, did not come from Dr. Koch himself. He explained the nature of his discovery, its scope and treatment, in an article in 1891. The scientific world still questions the value of the lymph in general practice. Dr. Koch continued his penetrating studies of the disease, and founded the Institute for the Investigation of Tuberculosis, which bears his name. In 1908 he provoked much discussion at the Tuberculosis Congress at Washington, because of his views on the transmission of the disease germ. He was for many years a professor in the University of Berlin, and director or member of many scientific bodies. He received the Harden medal and the Nobel prize.

Drama.

Vanderheyden Fyles, it is announced, will take up at once the duties of literary director of the New Theatre, succeeding John Corbin. This position carries with it the responsibility of selecting plays for presentation, subject to the approval of a committee of executive heads. Mr. Fyles is a son of Franklin Fyles, the dramatic critic and writer.

One of the leading events of commencement week at Middlebury College will be the presentation of a Roman drama, "Temporibus Hominis Arpinatis," a representation of dramatic moments in the life of Cicero. It deals particularly with the great conspiracy of Catiline, the play closing with Cicero's triumphant return from banishment. The end sought is educational rather than entertaining. It is to give "a true glimpse of the life of a civilization which has entered into and moulded all subsequent history."

"Oberammergau," by Josephine Helena Short (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), gives a full summary of the Passion Play, and a sympathetic account, profusely illustrated, of the village and the villagers, by one who speaks from intimate knowledge. The circumstances attending the production of the play are pleasantly described, and the personal tone in which the author writes accords well with the attempt to bring out the importance which the play has in the personal lives of the players.

A similar book by the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, "Oberammergau and the Passion Play; a Practical and Historical Handbook for Visitors" (Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.), dwells especially upon the spirit of the production. It contains a useful synopsis, and its practical guidance is accompanied by considerable descriptive matter; the historical background seems somewhat remote. An abundance of good illustrations and tasteful printing make this a neat little volume.

Sir Herbert Tree says that the play which Alfred Noyes has written for him is "a work of pure imagination, something between 'The Blue Bird' and 'Pinkie and the Fairies,' with a distinctly Christmassy flavor."

A new play by Henry James will be produced before long in Charles Frohman's Repertory Theatre in London. Granville Barker is superintending the rehearsals. It begins to look as if Mr. Frohman were really in earnest in his experiment with the literary and intellectual theatre.

The rural theatre seems to be making some advance in England. The Aldbourne Village Players are filling a two weeks' season at the London Coronet Theatre. They play every evening, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday. The Aldbourne Village Theatre—"the first village theatre for village players in England"—was opened for Mr. McEvoy by Granville Barker on February 26. The play presented was "The Village Wedding," a cottage drama in three acts, which Mr. McEvoy had specially written for his company. Since the opening of the Aldbourne Theatre "The Village Wedding" has been played sixteen times to crowded houses, thousands of persons having travelled to the little village of Aldbourne to be present. The play has also been presented by the Village Players eighteen times elsewhere, including two performances at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. In London the whole original cast appears. After the London season the company returns to Aldbourne for the hay-making and harvest, and in the autumn will fulfil engagements in the provinces and in Ireland.

The Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin has begun an engagement in the London Court Theatre, opening with "Deirdré of the Sorrows," written by J. M. Synge not long before he died. "The Playboy of the

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Western World" will also be given. A number of plays new to London are likely to be presented, including "The Green Helmet," a play in verse by W. B. Yeats; "The Image," a comedy by Lady Gregory; "The Eloquent Dempsey," by William Boyle; "Thomas Muskerry," by Padriac Colm; "The Glittering Gate," by Lord Dunsany; and two plays by a young dramatist, S. L. Robinson. The company will include Sara Allgood, Maire O'Neill, Arthur Sinclair, Fred O'Donovan, and J. M. Kerrigan.

Music.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

One of the bulkiest books that come to a newspaper office is the annual volume containing the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The issue for 1909-1910 contains 1,860 pages. Many of these are filled with advertisements, some of which inconveniently interrupt the reading matter; but there is enough of this, too, to entitle the tome to a permanent place in a music-lover's library. The editor, Philip Hale, who, as a newspaper critic, can give free expression to his dislike of things that are good and great in music, must have suffered agonies in the attempt to write pleasantly about the concert pieces he has to comment on for these programmes, and the soloists who help to interpret them; yet he usually succeeds surprisingly well. He has somewhat curbed his pedantic passion for footnotes, and he generally avoids the foolish parsing in which some programme elucidators indulge. No less readable than his comments on the programmes are the "Entr'actes and Excursions" which are inserted to keep the Boston brain agreeably exercised while the orchestra has its intermissions. They are partly the editor's own, partly culled from diverse newspapers. Among the notable topics discussed are Bruckner, Therese Brunswick and Beethoven, Color Audition, Don Juan in Music, Legend of the Flying Dutchman, The Loreley in Legend and Music, Newman's "Hugo Wolf," Schubert's First Singers, Liszt in Rome, Grenville Bantock, Does Music Pay? Chopin, In Defence of Transcriptions, Music in the Theatre, Daudet's "L'Arlésienne." There are sundry indexes, including one for the footnotes, and the programmes are given in full, with soloists, dates, and summaries of the number of times diverse composers were represented. The present conductor, Max Fiedler, evidently has not much interest in American music, only three of our composers—Chadwick, Converse, and Loeffler—being represented, one each. Some oddly assorted pairs are Beethoven and Strauss, who head the procession with eight hearings each, and Brahms and Wagner, who come next, with seven each. The number of composers altogether was forty-six. Max Fiedler's programmes are not always models, but, on the whole, they include what the public particularly wants to hear; and Mr. Hale's comments and erudite references will serve as a treasure-house for the editors of the programme books of the other American orchestras, the number of which has increased surprisingly within the last ten years.

Art.

THE TWO SALONS.

PARIS, May 18.

The artist in France cannot lay the blame of his own failure on the Government with the ease of the British artist, who is now convinced that art in England needs but the encouragement of the state to wake up from its torpor. Nothing strikes one more, on coming to the two Salons from the Royal Academy and the International, than the number of pictures and prints and sculptures bearing the label "commanded" or "acquired by the state." The state orders pictures and buys them, it provides wall space for the designs of its painters and buildings for the statues of its sculptors, and the results scarcely justify the belief of the British artist that inspiration must come with encouragement. Neither Salon makes a sign of that awakening, or rebellion, or new movement, or whatever it may be called, that some people think has long been due. Of course, the mistake is in counting upon an awakening with every spring. In the last century the interval of stagnation was long between the romanticists of the thirties and the impressionists of the seventies; and again there was a pause before the memorable secession of 1890 and the wonderful series of exhibitions that followed for some few years afterwards at the new Salon. So high a level could not be maintained indefinitely, and, while the older generation gives evidence of exhaustion, the younger generation has not yet come knocking at the door loud enough to make itself heard. In the old Salon the vigor, the vitality, that was once the redeeming merit of the exhibitors there, seems to have weakened; the huge *machin*, of old its chief feature, has dwindled in numbers and threatens to shrink in size; and, more unfortunately, Henri Martin, who knew how to bring to it distinction and decorative dignity, is this year among the absent. In the new Salon it is not the vigor, the vitality, alone of the artist, but in many cases the artist himself who has disappeared—for the time, anyway. You look in vain for such distinguished painters from abroad as Anglada and Zuloaga, Zorn, and Veber, Sargent and Liebermann, who at one period were always represented. The president, Roll, sends nothing, his forces this year reserved for Venice, and if Besnard does send, he is content to be represented by but one picture, and this one he has often surpassed. Altogether, the absences are so numerous and so notable that the collection as a whole inevitably suffers in interest.

I make this explanation at once, because, really, nothing is more characteristic of either exhibition than the prevailing dulness. However, a lesser degree of interest does not mean no interest, and I have not passed through these endless galleries entirely without my reward. In the old Salon I was attracted especially by the big series of panels by Jean-Paul Laurens, naturally, since they represent the Surrender at Yorktown and are destined for the Law Courts at Baltimore. It is suggestive to see them so soon after Abbey's designs for Pittsburgh now at the Royal Academy. Before the Frenchman's work you feel how much better he has mastered technically the needs and uses of mural decoration. He convinces you that he knows how to make his picture tell on the flat wall it is designed to cover, how to make his subject the motive for an effective arrangement of lines and colors. The windings of the road and the red-coated troops through the bare landscape, the enclosing fences, the raised fort, the stretch of water beyond —all become parts of an ingenious pattern, well-defined, well-balanced, restful to the eye. But so much is to be expected from the decorator who has learned his trade. More is looked for from the artist who should infuse the spirit of life into the pattern. It is just here that Laurens fails. His officers and soldiers are puppets whose place in the pattern is their only reason for being there. The title of the design cannot but recall another famous surrender that was made more famous still by the painter's record of it on his canvas—the surrender of Breda. Velasquez was not heedless of his pattern, his record is splendidly decorative. But he expressed, too, the emotion, the tragedy, of the incident; the meaning of his two central figures is none the less poignant because the lances which give the picture one of its names group themselves with such decorative beauty in the background. The central figures in Laurens's Surrender are but puppets like the rest, they convey no emotion, not so much as a hint of tragedy, they have not even a leading importance in the pattern. However, there is no other work on the same colossal scale that can compare with it.

In other kinds of work, it is extraordinary to find how persistently the Salon of the Artistes Français repeats the same familiar features spring after spring. Here again are two fine virile

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landscapes by Harpignies, so like to his previous pictures that it is impossible to say anything more of them except that in one this year he shows—and shows superbly—Un Centenaire of the tree world, symbolic apparently of himself in the world of painters. Bonnot again vies with the photograph in the hard exactness of the likeness he obtains—Edmond Théry and Isidore Leroy this time his sitters. And once more Joseph Bail displays his skill in rendering an interior filled with homely domestic detail elaborately carried out in his Kitchen of the Hospital at Beaune; and also is assured of his success by the most flattering compliment of all, for his imitators abound on every side and brass and copper are brought to such a glorification of polish in so many canvases that Bail in self-protection should scrupulously shut his eyes forevermore to metal that is polishable. Also, the Spanish element is to the fore: Zo with a group of the dancing boys that bring the tourists in crowds to Seville at Easter, Ribera with Carmen, who is now an indispensable heroine of the modern exhibition; Salas with an equally indispensable religious procession; Vasquez with the inevitable scene from the Bull Ring—though Sorolla shows not. But no convention survives triumphantly continual usage, and the radiance of conventional Spanish sunlight grows a little dimmed. Nor has the American element vanished, though perhaps it is not quite so strong as in some recent exhibitions. Few things in the entire collection interested me as much as Richard Miller's Statuette Clinoise, rather for the rendering of still-life than as a portrait of the girl who sits before the idol and a mirror beyond it in which her face, with its clear rose tints and golden hair, is reflected. The beauty is in the gown of quiet but gorgeous plaid, in the figured bodice, in the reflection, above all in the little Chinese figure catching the light, and giving it out again as if the light shone but to express its subtle modelling and beauty of surface. Nothing could be better as a piece of painting, though there is no pictorial reason why the woman should be in the picture; she is a mere bit of still-life herself. Vonnoh is not so successful as he was with the portrait of his wife two or three years ago. In his Mr. Clifford Grayson, he has evidently sought to use his sitter as a motive for an arrangement in brown and black, the brown of the background repeated in the waistcoat, in the cane, in the gloves. That a portrait painter should spare a thought for color arrangement is a fact that in itself arrests attention at the old Salon. But Vonnoh's thought for arrangement has left him less time for the study of character. Another good portrait, reticent in color, graceful in pose, is one of a young girl by MacCameron; and Hubbell's La Sortie is an admirable full-length of a lady in street dress, who stands well within her frame, with the quiet, almost austerity, of color, which the younger school of Americans have learned from Whistler. Among the landscapes, Charles W. Eaton's forest in winter and moonlight night in autumn make their effect by the refinement of color and light, the wonderful gradation in the luminous sky, and the sympathy of observation. There is too a striking painting of winter by E. W. Redfield, a relief after the sprawling countrysides of the usual exhibitor, with whom inappropriate size and screaming color are bids for notice.

In the section of engraving, Pennell's etchings of England at Work, Timothy Cole's sympathetic reproduction of Carrière's Maternité with its envelope of atmosphere admirably suggested, and Henry Wolf's print after Corot stand out with a good deal of distinction, especially as year by year the old Salon devotes itself more exclusively to the big commercial print, to the enormous reproductive etching and lithograph, and spares less space and prominence to the original expressions of both these arts.

In the sculpture section, it was no doubt partly prejudice that drew me particularly to Barnard's La Vie Humaine, for not only are the two enormous designs, entitled respectively Le Fardeau de la Vie and Le Travail et la Fraternité, the biggest in the Sculpture Court, but both are to have their permanent place in my native country and, to appeal to me still more personally, in my native State. Whether from prejudice or not, certainly I found nothing else so ambitious in subject and composition. They are groups of nude figures, heroic in scale, elaborate in arrangement, full of detail, and replete with allegory for those whose pleasure it will be to unravel it from its symbols in stone. When it is a question of the more important question of the decorative value of these great groups, I feel, as I so often do with work designed for a special place and purpose, the difficulty,—or perhaps I should say the impossibility, of judging it when in the discordant setting of a modern exhibition. As seen at the Salon, the composition of each group strikes me as a little incoherent; there is no fine outline, the separate forms hardly seem bold enough or simple enough or well enough subordinated to the effect as a whole. But the sculptor knows, as I do not, the conditions for which he is working, and the probability is that the groups, on the building which they are to adorn, would impress me very differently.

The balance of interest still lies with the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, though not in the overwhelming degree of its earlier days. I have said how many of the exhibitors of greatest note have stayed away this spring. Too many of the others, like so many of the more distinguished members of the Artistes-Français, show an ever-strengthening tendency to repetition in subject and dependence on the same convention, with the consequent loss of the old spontaneity and freshness. I feel this very much in the work of painters like Gaston La Touche and Aman-Jean, whose work varies slightly as one sees it spring after spring, except for the size of the canvas and for the new models and sitters they sometimes—though not often in the case of Aman-Jean—may find. Both these artists have the great advantage of definite commissions to fill, but even this does not suffice to stimulate them to the point of facing fresh problems. In a new series of three panels for the state, La Touche gives but another variation of the old theme built up of swans and fountains, of sunlight and figures, ideal and real, so that I wondered if they might not be the same decorations I had seen in almost the same place a year ago. In a new design for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Aman-Jean's phantoms still wander and lounge in his phantom landscape, so alike in form and feature that they seem but shadows of one another, faint blossoms still blooming languorously among the fainter foliage as if they had not the energy even to fade with time. His work always has charm, but he allows it no chance to develop more virile qualities in the pale land of ghosts to which he restricts it.

Something of this same dimness, as well as the same repetition, is becoming as characteristic of the work of Barlow. But while his charm is no less than Aman-Jean's, the forms in his paintings have greater solidity. There are real women under the long cloaks he wraps about them, real heads under the white caps he always gives them to wear, seen though they are through the haze with which he envelops his peasants and their life. His color schemes are as subdued as ever, the accustomed sadness pervades the meetings of the quiet groups whom he once again arranges into so many new variations, this time four in number, of the old harmony. Frieseke has another series of small nudes in strong sunlight which filters through fresh green foliage, with a touch of rose or blue in the drapery lying across the grass; he returns to earlier motives in a group of two women watching a cage of little parrots, though their real purpose is simply to afford him an opportunity for painting the sumptuous details he delights in, and for weaving a decorative pattern out of the lines and ornament of their gowns, the cage, and the wall behind them. It is by the elimination, rather than the emphasis, of detail that Maurice Denis gets his effect, and he allows no voluptuousness of line to his figures, no charm of ornament, no dain-

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tiness of dress, whether the subject is Orpheus with his lyre or Christ among the children, Joan of Arc receiving the Sacrament, or modern bathers on a modern stretch of beach. He has no important piece of decoration this year—important, that is, in size—but his Orpheus, with its arrangement of upright lines in a grove of trees, repeated in the figures clothed in long straight garments of archaic and austere cut, and with its well-distributed spaces of green, looks as if it were a suggestion for a mural decoration on a larger scale.

The growth of mannerism is no less marked among the portrait painters than among the decorators. One has come to know so well the water finish which Dagnan Bouveret gives to his sitters and the fashionable elegance that Gandara and Carolus-Duran lavish upon theirs, that one scarcely stops to look upon the yearly portraits by these painters, certain that if the modes they record have changed within the last twelve months their methods have not; though this year it is to Gandara the place of honor in the central gallery has been reserved, and Carolus-Duran has had an officer in the splendor of Italian uniform for one of his three sitters. Life, or its semblance, is apt to vanish from many portraits of masters as accomplished and of as established reputations. But not from Boldini's. His are never without life; on the contrary they overflow with life—in the sitter who is all vivacity and animation, in the painter who exults in the swift eloquent strokes of the brush that fill his canvas with the sheen and shimmer of silks and satins, and the glow and glitter of jewels. But, as I have pointed out often before now, his exuberance verges on caricature. His two ladies this year, one in a bewildering "creation" of gray, the other in as elaborate an arrangement of brown, almost step from out the canvas to meet you; their dress outdoes the exaggerations of the passing mode, and in the angular affectation of their pose and the meaningless gestures of their hands they are not far from degenerating into caricatures of the impossible ladies of the popular fashion plates. From both, it is a relief to turn to the little girl in his third canvas, not so much for the child herself, in simple frock and the long black silk stockings Boldini loves to paint, as for the great gray Persian cat she holds in her arms, rendered with a freedom and power and truth that make one wish all his sitters were so little encumbered by the fashions that too frequently distract him from themselves. Blanche is in less danger of becoming mannered, because he brings less character of his own, less sense of style to his work than either Dagnan Bouveret or Carolus-Duran, Gandara or Boldini. He has four portraits in the general exhibition, and, besides, a little exhibition to himself in one of the small galleries downstairs, and it cannot be said that he is a painter who gains by having so much of his work shown together. He is a good draughtsman, he has technical skill and vigor. He can see things for himself and put them down as he sees them; the trouble is in the way he sees them: his vision is commonplace. I think it is because of the lack of distinction that the series of portraits downstairs fail to make their effect. They are like the interiors he paints: true, exact, showing observation, but just without that indefinable quality that makes the little rooms painted by Walter Gay—six are now shown—such delightful masterpieces. Caro-Delvaille has a life-size full-length of Mme. Vallandri of the Opéra-Comique, but the figure is curiously unimpressive, easily forgotten for pleasure in the delightfully rendered vase of flowers and sheets of music on the table by her side. Ostermann has a portrait of the King of Sweden, a half-length, that might have been interesting if royalty nowadays did not seem to exact an uninteresting degree of finish from the painter when brought face to face with it. Because there is less finish, there is more character in the same painter's Archbishop of Lund. The fame of the sitter leads interest to Simonidy's very unpoetic presentment of the poet, half American and half-French, Francis Viélé-Griffin. The straightforward realism of Renouard's M. Binet, Architecte du Gouvernement, portrayed on the scaffolding with his builders and workmen, inspires confidence. Columbano also carries conviction by his uncompromising realism, almost brutality. I say nothing of J. J. Shannon because he shows no portraits I have not already seen in London. But I cannot pass over those of the young Boutet de Monvel, who endeavors to lend dignity to his sitters by an exaggerated effect of height obtained from a touch of perspective which is at least amusing. The people in the Place de la Concorde look up to his Comte E. de B., who stands there in the immediate foreground, as if he were a statue set on a high pedestal.

Perhaps I should have included Simon with the portrait painters, but his large group, La Poursuite, has the air rather of an impersonal decoration than the family group *en plein air*, for which I suppose he meant it. Two little girls, bare-footed, in short-waisted pink slips, one with flying pigtails, running, but with an effect of arrested motion, strive in vain to attract the attention of the mother and the baby in her arms who both stare placidly into space. The painting is immensely fluent and learned, as in his other two big pictures, one of Bretonnes battling and the other of Harlequin, Columbine, and Pierrot playing the Comedy, but it has hardly more suggestion of life than the splendidly gowned ladies of Gandara. No doubt there are portraits in Cottet's Ceremony in the Cathedral of Burgos, but the likeness in every case is subordinated to the spectacle, which would be more gorgeous than it is if he could have maintained throughout the splendor of painting achieved in the golden cope of one of the chief celebrants. Hochard, like Cottet, has gone to the church for subject and he has depicted in many mediums the ceremony, and the participants in it, of the canonization of Joan of Arc, but with hardly the eloquence inspired in him by the drama of the market place. Louis Legrand has no paintings, Charles Guérin but two, and both of comparatively small importance. Nor is there much among the landscapes and marines to detain one.

Rodin sends, as to the International in London, a female torso, but here adds to it the bronze bust of a man, strong in character. He himself figures in the work of Bourdelle and Soudbinine, both of whom honor the master by giving him the head and expression of a venerable satyr. Bourdelle is seen to finer advantage in a large bronze, with the movement powerfully expressed, its subject Heraklès Tue les Oiseaux de Stymphale. Bartholomé's fragment for the tomb of Rousseau in the Pantheon has not the big simple dignity of the figures and groups for his tomb at Père-la-Chaise; neither has his nude, a young girl, Au bord de l'Eau, though graceful and charming in a simple way. Here and there a bust, as, for example, a portrait of a young man by Jedrzejewicz, suggests character, and a special exhibition is made of the work of Lucien Schnegg. Otherwise, not much need be said of the sculpture one way or the other.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, J. de W. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Boston: Page & Co.
Aldrich, M. C. Sonnets for Choice. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Babbitt, I. The New Laokoon: An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Back to the Land: a Medley. Longmans, Green.
Baedeker's Southern Germany, 1910. Scribner. $1.80 net.
Barber, M. Britz, of Headquarters. Moffat, Yard. $1.50.
Baring, M. Dead Letters. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Barnett, Mrs. P. A. Drifting Thistledown. Longmans, Green.
Barry, J. C. Ideals and Principles of Church Reform. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Bartholomew, J. G. An Economic Atlas. Frowde.
Bates, L., Jr. The Russian Road to China. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Berkeley, H. Mysticism in Modern Mathematics. Frowde.
Brainard, A. A Study of God, Man and Destiny. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.
Bray, H. T. The Living Universe. Chicago: Truro Pub. Co. $3.50.
Brown, K. H. Philippa at Halycon. Scribner. $1.50.
Bruce, H. A. Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road. Macmillan. $1.50.

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Bushell, S. W. Description of Chinese Pottery and Porcelain. Translated. Frowde.
Bussell, F. W. Marcus Aurelius and the Later Stoics. Scribner. $1.25.
Clark, C. H. The Great Natural Healer. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.
Coleridge, S. T. Poems of Nature and Romance, 1794-1807. Edited by M. A. Keeling. Frowde. 90 cents.
Creamer, E. S. An Epic of Heaven and Other Poems. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Cullum, R. The Sheriff of Dyke Hole. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1.50.
Davis, A. M. F. A Bibliographical Puzzle. Reprinted from Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son.
Day, F. A., and Knappen, T. M. Life of John Albert Johnson. Chicago: Forbes & Co.
Dayrell, E. Folk-Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa. Longmans, Green.
Dewey, D. Problems of Your Generation. Arden Press. $1.
Free Library of Philadelphia Bulletin, No. 9.
Godfrey, H. The Health of the City. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Gribble, F. The Passions of the French Romantics. Scribner. $3.75 net.
Haeckel, E. The Evolution of Man: a Popular Scientific Study. 2 vols. Putnam. $5 net.
Haggard, H. R. Morning Star. Longmans, Green.
Hamilton, M. A. A Junior History of Rome. Frowde. $1.10.
Hearings before the Committee on Agriculture During the Session of the Sixty-first Congress, in three volumes. Vol. II. Washington.
Heysinger, I. W. Spirit and Matter Before the Bar of Modern Science. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Hodges, G. The Year of Grace, Trinity to Advent. Thos. Whittaker. $1.25 net.
Hyde, E. S. Progress from Experience. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.
Ivimy, A. M. A Woman's Guide to Paris. Brentano.
Johnson, O. The Humming Bird. Baker & Taylor. 50 cents.
Kerr, J. Scottish Education, School and University. Putnam. $2 net.
Knight, A. F. Mademoiselle Celeste: A Romance of the French Revolution. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1.50.
Laufer, B. Chinese Pottery of the Han Dynasty. Leiden: E. J. Brill.
Legge, E. The Empress Eugénie. Scribner. $2 net.
Little, M. At the Sign of the Burning Bush. Holt.
Macbeth, M. The Winning Game. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Marczali, H. Hungary in the Eighteenth Century. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Medley, W. Interpretations of Horace. Edited by J. G. Skemp and G. W. Macalpine. Frowde.
Merwin, H. C. Dogs and Men. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Munn, M. C. Will Shakespeare of Stratford and London: a Drama. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Norris, W. E. The Perjurer. Brentano.
North, A. W. Camp and Camino in Lower California.
Redlich, J. The Procedure of the House of Commons: A Study of Its History and Present Form. Translated from the German. 3 vols. Dutton. $10 net.
Ryder, A. W. Women's Eyes: Being verses translated from the Sanskrit. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1 net.
Schlesinger, K. Instruments of the Modern Orchestra and Early Records of the Precursors of the Violin Family. 2 vols. Scribner. $6 net.
Selected Poems from The Harvard Monthly. 1885-1910. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard Monthly.
Short, J. H. Oberammergau. Crowell. $1 net.
Sichel, W. Sterne: a Study. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50 net.
Smith, P. F., and Longley, W. R. Theoretical Mechanics. Boston: Ginn. $2.50.
Sonnenschein, W. S. The Best Books: a Reader's Guide. Third edition rewritten. Part I. Putnam. $3.50 net.
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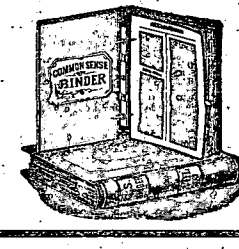

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